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Contents

Editorial Notes 104
Leading Editorials .....
The Temper of Two Nations 107
Not Our War 108
The Higher Imperialism 110
General Articles .....
Opportunity for Greece ..... Frank H. Simonds 112
The Artist in America ..... Horace Holley 113
Redemption and Dostoevsky ..... Rebecca West 115
Disarmament on the Great Lakes ... Donald Wilhelm 118
The Wasted Years ..... Randolph S. Bourne 120
A Communication .....
The Revolt of Wives .. Florence Wyman Richardson 122
Correspondence 123
Drama: An Everlasting Music ..... Francis Hackett 127
Reviews of Books .....
Militarist Fallacies 128
An Elder Statesman ..... Edgar E. Robinson 129
Tagore Translates Hindu Songs 129
Bracton Reconstructed ..... Harold Laski 129

IT is very misleading to treat Mr. Wilson's statement about Mexico as if it meant reversal of the old policy of non-intervention. The United States intervened in Mexico when Huerta was denied recognition, for no government can live in Mexico without American support. The fact that we did not seem to do anything then should not obscure the fact that our refusal to do anything was an act of the greatest practical consequence. It destroyed a *de facto* government. And it has long been evident that what we had torn down we should have to help rebuild. The only question has been the amount and the kind of intervention which would be necessary. There is no way of keeping our hands off entirely, because keeping hands off is equivalent to preventing any faction from dominating the situation. No one of the factions is rich enough or strong enough to dominate the rest, and only the weight of the United States behind an administration can give it power. What we have hoped for and what we hope for still is that American intervention will not mean the sending of an army to Mexico. And the President's statement, while it leaves open the possibility of armed intervention, still suggests that financial support, an embargo on arms, and other non-military weapons may be sufficient to consolidate a government in Mexico. The real choices have been non-recognition, peaceful intervention, and military intervention. The President is abandoning the first. Of the other two, peaceful action is what the mass of the country desires. But it should not be forgotten that some policy must be successful in establishing order before the European war ends. That is the outside limit of time for a solution of the Mexican problem in its acute form.

DURING the past ten months the German Ambassador at Washington has done nothing to promote a better understanding between his own government and nation and the American government and nation. He is consequently all the more to be congratulated upon his behavior at a moment of acute and dangerous contention between the United States and Germany. He has on his own initiative and perhaps at his own risk intervened on behalf of a possibly peaceful solution of the differences between the two governments. He has sought by means of a frank talk with President Wilson to break through the barrier of misunderstanding which the exchange of notes was building up between the two governments and to re-establish a genuine vehicle of communication. The conversation may not lead to agreement, but at the top of a peculiarly forbidding crisis it has at least made an agreement seem not impossible. Everybody who detests war, everybody who hopes that the friendship between the United States and Germany will not be involved in the wreckage of this hideous conflict, will be grateful to Count von Bernstorff for his enterprise.

WHATEVER forces for wellbeing exist in Illinois, they have peculiarly little influence on the state legislature. Two bills dictated by ordinary social conscience, a nine-hour bill for women workers and a child-labor bill, were ably and vigorously

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advocated this session, but on final consideration these bills were designedly amended into worthlessness. Few citizens outside Illinois, or for that matter inside it, can follow the work of the legislators in detail, but when the command of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association is slavishly obeyed, "Stop the mill at Springfield that wants to regulate everything," the moral of the situation is obvious. The manufacturers of Illinois conspired with their legislative servants to destroy these humane measures, and they have succeeded. They succeeded against the advocacy of organized labor in the case of the women's bill, and against all the best elements among the women as well as the men in the case of child labor. It is a triumph, but a dangerous and vicious one. It puts a temporary profit during a period of reaction against the admission of two exceedingly simple and serviceable principles. The callousness of such a policy cannot be disguised. Even in Illinois, where a corrupt legislature is tolerated with unusual complacence, this demonstration of entrenched selfishness ought to vivify public consciousness as to the really malignant forces in the state.

IT is not unnatural for Mr. David Griffith to misunderstand the opposition aroused by his play, "The Birth of a Nation," but the suppression of that film in Chicago has provoked him to malicious absurdity. Interviewed last Sunday in the Chicago *Herald* he is made to declare that "the most active workers against this film have been the people who believe in the intermarriage of the races." This is an accusation quite characteristic of the tone of "The Birth of a Nation." It has about the same relation to accuracy, to decency, to good feeling, as the film itself. It insinuates a motive in persons like Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Joseph Bowen, and similar active opponents of the film which is too ridiculous to have validity even as spite. The disgust and anger aroused by this photoplay does not require any predilection for intermarriage. All it requires is a consciousness of the shocking evil of race prejudice, and the baseness of playing subtly on the white man's credulity and his egoism.

LAST December the constitutionality of the compulsory minimum wage laws was argued before the Supreme Court. Months have elapsed, no decision has been handed down, and there is some doubt now as to whether the court will issue the opinion before adjourning. The delay is ominous. It suggests a divided court with a balance of judges against the law. This means that hopeful legislation to relieve sweating may be destroyed because a number of judges disagree with it. For these judges are not "interpreting" the constitution; they are deciding whether or not they believe in the minimum wage law. It is a tremendous power they have, a power so great that unless it is used in a liberal spirit it is intolerable. For if our Federal Constitution as interpreted by the majority of the Supreme Court means that we cannot deal with sweating through legislation, then we shall either have to amend the Constitution, which is a cumbersome procedure, or we shall have to clip the power of judges to nullify legislation based on a philosophy different from their own. A legal system in which so mild a thing as minimum wage legislation is impossible means a legal system in which a growing civilization cannot live. If the straitjacket is applied something will crash. It is likely to be the veto of the Supreme Court upon social legislation.

CERTAIN sections of the Hearst newspapers prove that even Mr. Hearst and Mr. Brisbane are capable of responding to a public demand for accuracy. Stock quotations, baseball scores, the text of a note sent by the United States to Germany, the readings of the thermometer for the day before—news of this kind is reported as accurately in the Hearst newspapers as in the *Springfield Republican* itself. When we come to the doings of the Hearst "investigators" a very different story has to be told. Here is a quotation from the New York *Times's* report of certain court proceedings occasioned by the New York *Journal's* attempt to show that the law against public gambling and bookmaking has lately been broken at Belmont Park:

> William McGeehan, another investigator for *The Journal,* who admitted responsibility for an article under a red letter headline asserting that $100,000 had been bet at the track on days when he was present, told Justice Scudder that he had no basis for the assertion other than his guess, based on the number of people in attendance and the average amount they would be likely to bet. McGeehan, under examination, admitted that all the money he knew to have been bet at the track was $5 that he had bet and lost on Monday last.

At this point it is customary to add that just as soon as the public really demands accuracy in news of this kind, just so soon will Mr. Hearst and Mr. Brisbane try to supply accuracy. Perhaps. But our guess is that the public will need about a thousand years to convince these gentlemen that it wants its sensations as accurate as its baseball scores.

EVEN if an agreement has been reached between Rumania and Bulgaria, it does not follow that either or both will without further delay join the Allies. The behavior of Rumania during the Balkan wars proved the government of that country

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to be more than usually cold-blooded, not to say unscrupulous, in the pursuit of its national interests. It will not intervene until it can do so with the assurance of reaping a maximum benefit at a minimum cost. As long, consequently, as the military situation in Galicia is favorable to the central Powers it is likely to procrastinate. The Rumanian army will be used not to succor the imperiled Russian forces, but to divide with them the fruits of victory. It has been suggested also that Rumania will not enter the war until she has taken the opportunity of selling her wheat crop to Germany at the extremely high prevailing prices. The spectacle of a nation stocking her prospective enemies with food and using the proceeds of the sale to provide ammunition with which to kill them is somewhat extraordinary, even during the reign of *real-politik,* but the alliance between commerce and war breeds many misshapen monsters. During the Colonial wars the French forces in North America subsisted to a large extent on food purchased in the American colonies. When Constantinople falls or is about to fall, Rumania and Bulgaria can hardly stay out, but until that event, confident prediction should be left to the newspaper headlines.

ONE of the stark facts of American rural life is its recognized dearth of culture. To abandon rural life is one way of dealing with it, but a much better way is that initiated by Mr. Alfred G. Arvold at Fargo, N. D. In the latest number of *The Play-book* Mr. Arvold reports on the first year of his Little Country Theatre, operated at the state agricultural college. He shows how popular the small playhouse has become, how contagious the idea has proved, and how "actually hungry for social recreation" it has revealed the community to be. The performances included a number of familiar plays, several original plays bearing such suggestive names as "For the Cause" and "The New Liberator," and the staging of an Icelandic tableau by twenty young men and women of Icelandic descent. The last person to exaggerate the importance of these performances would probably be Mr. Arvold himself. The dearth of culture is not remedied by introducing one means of expression to a diversified community or by propagating one valuable idea. Propaganda, to paraphrase Samuel Butler, must work hard "before beauty or grace will have anything to say to it." But a great popular art is prepared for by just such disinterested and imaginative activities as these.

THE working classes in England have been frequently reproached with selfishness since the beginning of the war. A recent expert investigation of four industrial towns, however, throws needed light on the reasons why labor trouble persists in war-time. Out of every 1,000 babies born in Warrington in 1911, 285 died before the first birthday—a mortality that rivals the worst battlefield. It is bad housing that causes this mortality, that sort of bad housing which is a consequence of low wages. "To raise the wages of the worst-paid workers," the investigators conclude, "is the most pressing social task with which the country is confronted to-day." This conclusion is echoed by Mr. Seebohm Rountree, the man who surveyed poverty in York. Mr. Rountree has no illusions as to poverty and its causes. To remediable social evils in England he ascribes "about a quarter of a million unnecessary deaths *every year.*"

THE origin of the famous myth about the Russian armies which passed through England in August has at last been run to ground. H. J. B. Steele, Hon. Secretary of the Press Representatives' Committee of the Press Bureau writes: "A large number of Russian officers visited this country to buy munitions of war, or to join as attachés the staffs of the various commands then leaving for the front. Accompanying them was a number of soldier servants, and the bulk traveled from Archangel to Scottish ports. These officers and men were undoubtedly seen by reliable witnesses. The same week-end the War Office decided to change the location of camps of the Territorials then in training. To secure this end, the trains were hand-signaled and moved at night with blinds drawn. The engine-drivers knew nothing of the loads they pulled. Meanwhile, however, some Scottish railway officials had corresponded with southern friends and talked of having a lot of Russians traveling on their line. The rest was easy, and the handful grew to an enormous army." It is good to know these facts for the sake of reestablishing faith in human judgment. It shows how a modern myth is made. The components are a slight basis of fact and an overwhelming desire. The desire was present in England as a result of the dark days of August. The fact we have at last from Mr. Steele.

THE noble quality of reason, thought Benjamin Franklin, was given to man in order that he might find a reason for anything he wished to do. The National Association of Manufacturers objects to paying decent wages to its female employees, and has found a reason for opposing the Minimum Wage law. It has found so many reasons that they jostle one another and get in one another's way. For instance, the Association discovers that the operation of the minimum wage has "invariably" proved unsatisfactory, and a moment

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later discovers that it has hitherto been applied to only one industry in one state. It injures the efficient workers but it also injures the inefficient. The trouble, according to these wage-payers, is that the minimum becomes a maximum, thus apparently depriving the members of the Manufacturers' Association of the luxury of paying wages above the miserably inadequate scale which the state prescribes as a minimum. All through its report, the Association justifies its crassly selfish attitude not by frankly avowing its own interests, as an honest disputant would do, but by pretending a solicitude for the wretched women employees whose unlimited exploitation it favors. If anything had been lacking to make apparent the callousness and revolting hypocrisy of the National Association of Manufacturers it was this absurd assemblage of facts that are not facts, and of reasons that are unreasonable.

FOREIGN trade is only a small segment of trade in general, for on the whole we deal with our next-door neighbors, and the traffic on our roads and railroads enormously exceeds our traffic on the sea. Yet the combined foreign trade of the four leading commercial nations, the United Kingdom, Germany, the United States, and France, amounted in 1912 to almost twenty billions of dollars, a figure easy to write down but impossible to comprehend. Every working day the custom officials of these nations appraise sixty million dollars' worth of incoming and outgoing goods; every day ships leaving the ports of these nations carry products of a greater value than the total annual commerce of the entire world a few centuries ago. Commerce has indeed changed since the precarious days when little Spanish galleons brought spices from the Indies and a few bars of silver from the mines of Peru, when foreign trade was restricted to articles of small bulk and great value, was monopolized and was carried on along a few trade routes, upon which great commercial cities gradually arose. To-day the tramp steamer, the little sailing vessel, the fleet of the great transatlantic companies, compete on something like equal terms for a gigantic trade in goods endlessly moving by all routes from all ports to all ports, and daily growing in immensity.

THESE statistics of foreign trade do not encourage us to believe all the easy generalizations which we read about trade following the flag. It is possible that, other things being equal, a Canadian would rather trade with an Englishman than with a German or an American; only other things—prices, services, advertising skill—never are equal. Nor do the colonizing nations increase their commerce more rapidly than others. The trade of England and France, both nations with great colonies, does not grow nearly so rapidly as that of Germany and the United States. Yet in all these nations foreign commerce is advancing. Not even this war can permanently prevent a tremendous development of foreign commerce, which will make of the world a single market. When trade shall have crumbled frontiers, when Berlin, Melbourne, Buenos Aires and Chicago are as interlaced commercially as New York and Philadelphia are to-day, war will be unthinkable.

The Temper of Two Nations

IT is essential to remember that the great mass of the German people sincerely believe the Lusitania to have been a warship. Their naval experts have told them the exact calibre of the guns she carried, and native opinions about the whole case are rooted in the belief that the submarine sank a vessel of the British navy. So long as the Germans continue to believe this, they will not be able to understand the American position.

The fact that the German people have this fixed belief is probably the real explanation of von Jagow's reply to our note. The men who wrote the German document were thinking of what the German people believe, not of what the American people feel. To us here the central issue is the destruction of innocent lives; we have no patience with the idea that the Lusitania was a warship. It seems preposterous to us, and that is why our press has called the German reply a quibble and an evasion. But to German opinion the armament of the Lusitania is an established fact, with the result that our humane indignation appears hysterical and without real justification. It is clear, then, that the von Jagow note is from the German point of view a very relevant document. It meets popular opinion in Germany with accuracy. But it does not meet American opinion at all, because American opinion starts from a radically different set of assumptions. If we believed what the Germans believe, we should, if we were in their place, feel as they do. This is the difficulty of the situation—that the two people do not understand each other because they start from such diametrically different beliefs about the facts.

Which nation, then, is deceived? We believe, of course, that the German people are deceived. We think that Collector Malone knows more about the armament of the Lusitania than naval critics in Berlin. Many of us have friends who traveled

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on the ship, and they know that the statement about her being a cruiser is absurd. It is the German government which taught the German people to believe this. Were German officials themselves deceived, or did they try to mislead their people?

We cannot, of course, know for certain. But if we assume that the excuse about armament was fabricated deliberately, we can arrive at a very plausible explanation of the present situation. Briefly, it may be somewhat as follows: the submarine torpedoed the Lusitania, but the speed with which the ship sank and the great loss of life came as a surprise to German officials. The von Jagow note, remember, referred to the question of bulkheads. The tragedy was greater than the German admiralty had planned, and to reassure feeling at home the statement was made that the Lusitania was armed. The German people seized upon this justification in a normal human way. It enabled them to reconcile the horror with their own consciences. But then came the great outburst of American feeling, more threatening than had been anticipated. What was the German government to do? If it backed down as we demanded, it would suffer a great loss of prestige at home. It was caught between the two great bodies of opinion in Germany and America. It could not satisfy both.

The von Jagow note is, we believe, an attempt to break out of this dilemma. By raising questions of fact, which are a quibble to us but supremely relevant to the German people, the note attempts to start a kind of re-education of public opinion in both countries. If it could be proved to the German people that their facts were wrong, the German government could recede with more grace. And if in the clouds of dust raised by the discussion certain technical points could be scored against us, Germany would have to yield just so much less.

From this point of view the von Jagow note is not so much pettifogging as a very human attempt to work out of an impasse. The reason Americans dislike the note so much is that it was not written as an answer to Mr. Wilson, but as an answer to the temper of the German people. The German government is evidently more concerned with the domestic than with American opinion. But the note, because of this attempt to meet German ideas, does at least open a door to peaceful adjustment. It expresses doubt about the fundamental facts on which German opinion rests, and is consequently more open-minded than at first it seems to be.

We believe that the Germans are not only wrong in their facts but entirely oblivious to the rules of international law and the humanity of the case. But the German government is face to face not with evidence, theories, laws, and so on, but with the temper of two nations. The note deals with the German temper, not with law or with fact. It does not deal with the American temper, and that is where it has failed.

The question for us to decide is whether we intend to leave open or to close the door to peace. If we insist upon a full confession that Germany was wrong, and a complete humiliation of her government, we shall probably find that German officials prefer another enemy abroad to a serious defeat in the eyes of their own people. If we allow them to squirm out of their dilemma, we may be able to achieve our object, and avoid a break. We have conveyed a threat of war, and that threat has already served a useful purpose. It has resulted in a complete backdown in the Gulflight case, a backdown which no other neutral power had secured. The threat will have to be kept alive. But at the same time our government ought not to present the issue in such a way that the only answer is yes or no.

It is easier to get into war than to get out of it, and the ultimate horror of a struggle should be avoided unless everything else fails. It cannot be avoided if American opinion hardens and demands the kind of answer which a government like Germany's cannot give and still retain the support of a people in the present temper of the Germans. It may be possible by skilful negotiation to secure our object, to safeguard American lives and American ships. But that negotiation cannot succeed if it is put on the plane of black-and-white principle. It may succeed by allowing the German government to evade verbally in order to yield in fact. Real American opinion would be satisfied by such a victory, for it desires no scalps and no trumpets. It desires the safety of innocent lives and a continuance of peace, and it can afford to be generous and conciliatory about everything but the actual killing of people. If German officials are seeking to find some compromise of safety, we who are free and powerful can well afford to give them the chance.

Not Our War

THE German note, the spirit in which it was framed, and the temper in which it has inevitably been received have brought the United States perceptibly nearer to a serious rupture with Germany. The rupture may still be avoided. If it takes place it may not result in war. But since last week a company which was insuring American customers against the consequences of war would assuredly increase its premiums. War has become

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much more probable; and because it is more probable, its consequences, its costs and its real or supposed advantages should be subjected to a still more anxious and disinterested scrutiny.

Such a scrutiny has already been applied to the consequences of a war with Germany upon American domestic cohesion, but there has been comparatively little discussion of its more remote and less obvious effects upon American relations with other Powers. Upon precisely this point a cleavage exists in American public opinion. In spite of an overwhelming and a largely instinctive popular desire to avoid war, an influential minority of American citizens do not regard it with any such reluctance. This minority consists of intelligent and cultivated people, who are connected by strong personal ties with France and England, who themselves owe an enormous debt to French and English culture, and who devoutly believe that the Allies are fighting the battle of the American no less than that of the European democracy. They believe that it is our war. They would not have this country enter the fight without an adequate excuse; but given an adequate excuse they regard our participation as clearly desirable. As a consequence of participation the American nation will have assumed a sobering and strengthening responsibility towards the family of nations, and will be helping to create an international system, adapted to the needs of a democratic state.

THE NEW REPUBLIC agrees with much in the attitude of these pro-Allies. The cause for which the Allies began fighting ten months ago was on the whole a good cause. Germany was the immediate aggressor. A world in which a helpless and inoffensive country like Belgium is violable is not one in which a peace-loving democracy has any chance of surviving. The American nation cannot in the long run avoid a specific responsibility for the maintenance of principles as essential to international comity as that of the inviolability of innocent and helpless neutrals. Our traditional isolation is no longer justified either by physical conditions or by national ideals. It has become the expression in foreign policy of the collective irresponsibility which encouraged the growth of so many social and political abuses in the internal life of the naiton. Isolation can be justified only by self-sufficiency; and the United States will not prove to be in the long run very much more self-sufficient than has Belgium. It must eventually seek friends and even allies among the European nations, and it will have to share with them the work of European reorganization. Before that work is finished the blood of American citizens may be mixed with that of their Canadian neighbors on the soil of Flanders.

But in spite of a general disposition to approve of increasing American participation in what were formerly considered to be exclusively European political controversies, we cannot agree that in the present instance the American democracy has any reason to abandon its traditional attitude of neutrality and isolation. If Germany forces the United States into the war, the challenge must be accepted, but it will be accepted with extreme and with justifiable reluctance. In that case the country will be abandoning its isolation without any assurance that by so doing it will really be contributing to the establishment of the kind of an international system which is needed for the complete internal development of a self-governing social democracy.

No doubt the Allies have on various grounds a clear case against German militaristic aggression. As long as they were fighting a purely defensive battle and were in danger of being overwhelmed, a sufficient reason may have existed for American participation in the war, provided a sufficient pretext was presented. But the Allies are now in no danger of being overwhelmed, and they are not fighting a purely defensive battle. Germany may hold them at bay, but she no longer has any chance of imposing her own terms on them. The Allies are much more likely to have the power of imposing at least a part of their demands on Germany. They are deliberately seeking the assistance of other nations who will enter the war for the purpose of obtaining the possession of certain Turkish, Hungarian or Austrian territory. In order to win a decisive victory they must persuade these nations to enter; and in order to succeed in their persuasions they must promise to satisfy certain national ambitions whose validity is at least dubious. The new map of Europe which will be traced in the treaty of peace may well be an improvement on the old map, but that it will be a map for which the American democracy will want to make itself responsible, is wholly improbable.

If it is replied that American participation in this war will enable the American government to exercise a beneficent influence on the treaty of peace, the sufficient answer is only too obvious. The ability of any one of the Allies to exercise a decisive influence upon the peace negotiations will depend upon the sacrifices which that particular nation has made on behalf of the common cause and upon its military strength at the end of the conflict. If the United States is prepared to put a couple of million men in the field and lose half of them it might have something to say about the disposition of Trieste or Constantinople, but the American people have no present intention of paying so great a price for so doubtful a privilege. They would expect to

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help their allies chiefly with money and ammunition; and such assistance, while it might be decisive, would not count strongly as compared to the human sacrifices contributed by even the minor European nations. The effectiveness of the moderating American influence would depend chiefly upon the extent to which the several Powers were loyally seeking a just settlement; and if they did really want to treat their allies and even their victims with fair consideration, the American judgment as to the justice of any proposed redistribution of territory would count for as much in case it were that of a neutral as in case it were that of a belligerent. A nation can hardly participate effectively in so vast a conflict without paying a price and entering into engagements which make extremely difficult a genuinely disinterested attitude towards the problems of the settlement. It will be well for the world to keep one great Power disinterested. The United States ought to be that Power.

The Higher Imperialism

WHEN the Socialists in the belligerent countries voted for the war budgets and took their seats in the war cabinets, their whole attitude towards war underwent a fundamental change. It is true that in Germany and elsewhere the Socialists berated the capitalists and militarists for bringing on the conflict, but having made this protest, they acted exactly as did everyone else. They excused themselves on the ground that the war was defensive. But the Kaiser and the Czar and the President of the French Republic all made the same excuse. It was not that the Socialists did not have power to put obstacles in the way of their governments. They did not have the will. They were forced into a painful position, where their love of country struggled against their adherence to the proletariat of the world. Despite themselves they were moved by idealistic considerations, which according to their theory should have had no weight.

For according to socialist doctrine the great events of the world are determined by economic factors. The idealists may speak of national honor and national duty, of the inviolability of treaties and the sacred rights of small nations, but the cause of all wars is really to be traced to the clash of economic motives. If we are to establish peace, we must found it on the customary reactions of selfish men, who want things and are willing to fight for them. Peace must be a peace between men as they are. It will not come by preaching, nor by nations surrendering their ambitions. It will not come through non-resistance, through the submission of the meek to the overbearing. It will not come through the nations joyously disarming as the light of reason breaks through the clouds. Reason is not so simple nor so unrelated a thing, for the material things that each nation wants, and the means by which the nation gets them, seem to the nation preeminently just and reasonable. However pompous the superstructure of ethics and ideals, the solid foundation of war, as of other social developments, is economic. So long as nations, or at all events their ruling groups, have conflicting economic interests, war is inevitable.

According to the Socialist, therefore, war and capitalism were inseparable. War must continue so long as the wage-system continued. The argument was simple. The great owners of capital, earning more than they could consume or profitably invest in home industries, were compelled to send their surplus to colonies and dependencies, where a new profit could be made. With the rapid increase of capital, however, the competition between the industrial nations for the possession of these agricultural dependencies became keener. Such competition meant war. As capitalism approached its climax wars were bound to become more frequent, destructive and violent.

If this theory had been true it would have followed that the interests of capital would make for war and the interests of labor would make for peace. The day laborer, with no money in the bank, would not be interested in capital investments in Morocco, Manchuria or Asia Minor. He would have no national interests whatever. But, as we may read in the admirable book on "Socialists and the War," by William English Walling, a few Socialists have for some time begun to recognize that wage-earners do have special national interests and that these interests may be directly opposed to the interests of wage-earners in an adjoining country. If Servia is completely shut off from the sea, her wage-earners suffer as acutely as do her peasants. If Switzerland is surrounded by a wall of hostile tariffs, if Holland and England are deprived of their colonies, the loss is felt not only by great capitalists but by the man who works with a trowel or a lathe. The ultimate interests of German and British wage-earners are identical, but if their immediate interests conflict, there will grow up a spirit of nationalism in both countries, and wage-earners will clamor for a national policy which may lead to war.

This seems to shut a door that leads to peace. But in shutting this door the newer Socialist thought has opened another. It assumes that the capitalists themselves are increasingly likely to profit by peace, to desire peace and to achieve peace. According to the German Socialist, Karl Kautsky, we are approaching a new stage in the industrial

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development of the world. At first capitalists exploited the resources of their own country. Then they competed nationally for the exploitation of colonies and dependencies, and this policy led to imperialism and war. Now they are beginning to unite for the joint exploitation of all backward lands. Competitive imperialism is making way for imperialism by combination, just as competitive industry gave way to the trust. English, French, German and Belgian capitalists will unite to exploit dependencies, will have joint spheres of influence, and the result will be peace with profits. Imperialism in the old sense will die out, and its place will be taken by a pacific super-imperialism, a higher imperialism.

What this theory actually means is that the normal development of industry and finance will automatically bring about international peace, and that socialism and even democracy are quite unessential to that end. Socialists may cry for peace, but they might as well cry for free air. But the theory concedes too much and goes too far. It is tainted with the same ultra-rationalistic spirit as is the earlier socialist theory, from which it is a reaction. War is not fought for economic motives alone, although these are important. Serbia would have been less vindictive had Austria conceded her an outlet for her trade, but in any case Serbia would not willingly be ruled by Austria, nor Bulgaria by Greece. Racial pride, religious prejudice, ancient traditions of all sorts still divide nations irrespective of economic interest. You cannot reduce a nation to a single unit thinking only in economic terms.

Moreover, even on the purely economic side there are infinite chances for war in the distribution of the profits of joint enterprises among the capitalists of the various nations. We all know how "gentlemen's agreements" are broken as soon as it is profitable for the gentlemen to break them, and we cannot wholly trust irresponsible magnates, whether industrial or political, to be even intelligently selfish. Moreover, in the present state of the world the higher imperialism is a policy fraught with the very dangers and difficulties which it seeks to evade. If the capitalists of Europe were determined to exploit South America under a joint European control, the decision might directly lead to war. There are too many vested national interests in colonies, dependencies and spheres of influence to make internationalization of investment an immediate specific against war.

But in this matter of the higher imperialism we are less concerned to know how false than how true it is. It is a thing to be desired if it circumscribes war, even though it does not end war, if it tends towards peace, even though it does not by itself alone assure peace. We believe that this present war is not unlikely to end in a combination of great nations with enormous capital, willing to enter upon foreign investments jointly. The great capitalists, who influence if they do not rule our modern industrial nations, will often discover that it is cheaper to divide than to fight. It will be better to have twenty per cent of a Chinese loan without going to war than thirty per cent—or nothing at all—after a war. They will strive for the peace of "understanding"—the peace of give and take.

If the big speculators can thus merge their interests and deal across national boundaries, the little investors who have less to gain and more to lose by war will be even more pacific. Farmers and wage-earners have a still more attenuated interest in war, and a still more obvious interest in peace. Once great liens of peace are established, moreover, many of the incitements to war will of themselves disappear. Newspapers, universities and churches may develop an increasing distaste for international murder, and jingoism may tend to drop quietly out of style. Armaments will not pay if they are not to be put to use, and they may be cautiously lessened by means of international haggling.

In the end, however, any internationalization of investment will be only a single step in the direction of peace. There are many other steps to be taken. Education, commerce, the development of an international morality, the creation of machinery for dealing with international disputes, are all essential to the evolution of peace. Industrial and political democracy are above all necessary. Men must be given a full life and a real stake in the wealth that peace provides, and they who bear the burdens of war must actually determine the national policies which make for war or peace.

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Opportunity for Greece

PERHAPS there is no better evidence of the extent of the great war than the fashion in which the remotest periods of Greek history are being brought to mind by incidents which fill the present daily newspapers. Thus it is that in the Aegean the problem, as old as the Persian wars, of the Greek colonists of Asia Minor has become the problem of the statesmen who now rule in Athens.

To-day there is offered to Greece the chance to resume the work of forgotten centuries on the sites of Ephesus and Miletus. The kingdom of Lydia lies within the grasp of King Constantine, as Adrianople and Thrace lie within the reach of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, if only Greece could make up her mind to join the Allied camp, to send her armies to aid in expelling the Turk from Byzantium and ending the empire of the Osmanli in Europe.

Briefly the situation as it affects Greece—and at the moment the key to Balkans and the Near East is found in Athens—is this: the whole Balkan problem arises from the seizure by Greece, Rumania and Servia of territories inhabited by Bulgars and included in the Bulgarian sphere as delimited by the Serbo-Bulgarian treaty before the first Balkan war or the various agreements preceding the second Balkan war. Until the Treaty of Bucharest is revised, Bulgaria remains a menace to those Balkan states desirous of joining the Allies, and the Treaty of Bucharest cannot be amended unless Greece consents to sacrifice territory won in her recent war.

Several months ago there was made to Venizelos, the great Greek statesman, a proposition which he accepted. It amounted to a pledge on the part of Russia, Great Britain and France, that if Greece would send an army to the Dardanelles to aid the Allied fleet and consent to cede to Bulgaria the region between the Mesta and the Struma, with the port of Kavala, Greece should have Smyrna and the Aegean shore of the Turkish empire from Lesbos to Samos.

On behalf of Greece Venizelos promptly accepted the offer, his sovereign King Constantine agreeing to the sacrifice. But when the Allied fleet was repulsed with the loss of three battleships in the straits the king repudiated the bargain. He did more, he denied that he had ever consented to the cession, and there was left to Venizelos nothing but resignation.

The territory that Bulgaria demanded was not of any great value to Greece. As the best tobacco-raising region in Europe it was bound to be useful in producing revenue. Kavala and a few towns on the coast are Greek, but inland the people are Turk and Bulgar. While Greece occupies this region the natural outlet of Sofia and indeed of all western Bulgaria is blocked, and the Bulgars are without their "window on the sea"—the only window that could be easily used by them.

Before the second Balkan war Venizelos had agreed that the Bulgarians should have Kavala. His decision was wise but unpopular; it might have proved his political ruin had not the Bulgarian attack upon Servia and Greece abolished the undertaking and left Greece free to take this territory. But in taking it Greece annexed a permanent quarrel with the Bulgarians, for she deprived them of coast land essential to their economic development. From the Treaty of Bucharest to the present moment the Bulgarians have frankly asserted their determination to have Kavala and its hinterland. This has been the *sine qua non* of Bulgarian acceptance of Allied wishes in the Balkans.

Venizelos perceived from the outset that for all time the Kavala question would be a peril for Greece. In taking Salonica Greece had acquired the real prize of the Near East. By retiring to the Struma she would gain a natural frontier, easily defensible, and abolish a peril as real as the Alsace-Lorraine question has proved for German diplomacy for more than forty years. He perceived also that to possess Smyrna and the hinterland, the ancient Lydia, would be for Greece the beginning of real greatness. A territory as large as the Greece of 1912, with a population as large as that of the nation before the first Balkan war, was to be had immediately. In the inevitable decay of Osmanli power in Asia Greece might hope to regain much of the ancient territory of the Byzantine Empire.

For King Constantine the change in policy was determined first by the Allied disaster, second by the intervention of his wife, the sister of the German Emperor. His own sympathies had been always German, those of his people French. But if France had served Greek ends for a century, if Great Britain had given Greece moral support and territorial expansion, he had for his German brother-in-law the argument that at the critical moment after the Treaty of Bucharest, when Austria and Russia had clamored for a revision of the treaty, it was the message of the Kaiser to him that had settled the question as to whether the treaty should be definitive.

Patently Constantine wavered. Unmistakably he

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was ready, when the Allied fleet seemed to be clearing the road to Constantinople, to make the decision desired by Venizelos. But always his heart was with the Germans, and the disaster to the Allies gave him a chance to change his mind and find support in Greece because of the general reluctance of the people to surrender Kavala, to give up territory inhabited by Greeks and won in the most glorious campaign Greece had known since the age of Alexander.

Yet it is already clear that Constantine's break with Venizelos has proven a mistake. More and more clearly it is perceived at Athens that the Allied check in the straits was but temporary, that in the end the gate to Constantinople will be broken open, that Turkey is doomed, and that the Greek claim to the opposite shore of the Aegean will prove of little account if Greece has done nothing to enforce it in the critical days which are now passing.

The entrance of Italy serves to emphasize the present Greek apprehension. Italy is the rival of Greece in the Near East. From time immemorial the rivalry between the Greeks and the Venetian and Genoese traders has been a factor in Aegean history. Already as a consequence of the Tripolitan War Italy has taken Rhodes and the Dodecanese, islands whose population is Greek, whose political alignment is naturally with Athens, not with Rome. It was due to Italian opposition, too, that Greek conquests in northern Epirus were abandoned, that Argyrocastro and Santa Quaranta were surrendered to Albania as Scutari and Durazzo were wrested from the Serb to satisfy Austria.

Already, too, Italy has marked out a large portion of the Aegean coast of Asia Minor, from the shore facing Rhodes to the Gulf of Adalia, as her share of the estate of the Turk. Already the words of Venizelos, bitter words spoken by a strong man who had made Greece great, are beginning to be understood at Athens, and while the king lies sick the people are turning again to the Cretan whose leadership won for them Salonica and Janina, regained northern Epirus, and planned to acquire the ancient Ionian colonies, the occasion of the wars that were the beginning of the greatness of classical Greece.

Unmistakably modern Greece is now at the real crisis in her history. She must decide between remaining a small European state and resigning European territory to take up the ancient glories of the Byzantine Empire. Every Greek has inherited the desire to revive the Byzantine Empire, to restore Greek rule at the Golden Horn and carry the Hellenic frontiers to the Halys and the Taurus. To-day, with Russia at the gates of Constantinople, her claim endorsed by France and Great Britain, with Italy ready to occupy the Carian province, this seems a preposterous dream.

Yet could Greece acquire Smyrna and the hinterland, plant Greek rule solidly between the Troad and the ruins of Ephesus, who could be certain that to-morrow she might not carry forward her frontiers as she has carried them forward in the last three years? At the very least the chance would be hers, and the chance will be lost forever, or for generations, if Italy and the other Allies are able to partition Asia Minor and Greece has no claim upon them. Already Italy has nearly extinguished Greek claim upon Allied interest by undertaking to supply the regiments needed at the Dardanelles, the regiments that Venizelos would have sent had his king permitted it.

It is impossible to believe that the Greek, the best trader in the Levant, will permanently permit an alien dynasty, however popular—and King Constantine's popularity won at the Battle of Kilkis is very great—to destroy ambitions held through centuries almost innumerable. Rather it is likely that the next few weeks will see the return of Venizelos and the renewal of Greek efforts to earn the pledge of the Allies that she shall have Smyrna. Conceivably the opportunity has been lost. Yet Bulgarian hostility is still the main barrier to Allied progress in the Near East, and Bulgarian acquiescence can only be purchased by the cession of Kavala. Perhaps, then, it is not yet too late.

At Athens and Bucharest German diplomacy is renewing the battle lost in Rome. It is the last phase of the diplomatic battle, but once more the chances are against the Kaiser. Across all the centuries from Marathon to the present moment Greek history and tradition are beckoning the Greeks to Asia.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

The Artist in America

AMERICA has ever imported art but exported artists. If such a movement means anything subject to definition, it means that as a people we tend to consider art as a finished product, a commodity which can be packed and delivered on command. It means that we attempt to appreciate pictures and statues and monuments, but that we do not appreciate the type or the condition from which pictures and statues and monuments derive. In America the creative impulse was early caught up by an irresistible commercial movement, a movement composed of many factors and producing various results, but in itself possessing only one method and one aim. In subordinating men to things, moods to markets, we have destroyed our

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racial art at its root. It is not the fact that we have been unable to produce a brother to Angelo or Raphael which is to be deplored, but that we have scraped away the soil of free emotional intercourse from which the masters grow. The logical outcome of our tendency to purchase art but neglect artists would be to fill the land with visible magnificence, but drain from it the inner power of appreciation. We have been making ourselves servants in a king's palace and eunuchs in the garden of a god.

That tendency has been abruptly ended by the war. The ships which hastily brought back harassed tourists and dismayed business men from battling Europe brought also an army of American students. From every country they came, the eager and the reluctant, the unknown and the known, compelled to close their ateliers and seek refuge in the only environment aloof from war, and incidentally the only environment without its Quartier Latin. Impossible to reckon how many, but anyone who knows the art schools and exhibitions may meet scores of them in New York daily.

There is something very significant in this precipitate return of the artists to America. They bring a new element to our population; not so much an influx of superior skill, not so much an increase to our supply of technicians, but an element that implies a special experience of life, a different attitude and a conscious ideal. These artists have absorbed something more dynamic than mere instruction; they have grown aware of the status enjoyed by the artist as a type essential to civilization. It is their point of view upon social life in general, their personal habits and standards, which contribute a new energy to our national development. Wherever his life abroad has been spent, whether in Paris, London, Munich or Rome, the American artist has a sense of status and distinction quite apart from any ability of his to earn.

What the typical American does not understand is that art as finished product is incidental to art as temperament and atmosphere. National art cannot be estimated in terms of collections; it can be estimated only in terms of what impulses most readily come to fruition in the average life. The clamor of economic exploitation, the purchase of alien civilizations *en bloc,* does not imply art, but, on the contrary, its official epitaph. To reproduce a Gothic church or a Greek temple is to disassociate art from daily life, to remove it irrevocably from the deeper understanding of racial instinct.

A responsive people, a people which esteemed its own sensuous freedom, would not have permitted these unofficial ambassadors in foreign courts to return unannounced. Some inquiring patron, focusing in himself the general attitude, would have pondered the occasion as an unwonted phenomenon, would have disengaged its possibility and devised some suitable reception for those artists—at least an exhibition of their work.

From that centering of many styles a perceptible influence had surely radiated out across the land. We should have attempted to make it plain that here was a community of interest and experience which ought never to have been permitted to disintegrate. We should have realized that here was a hunger to be waited on no less significant than the hunger of Belgium. But nothing magnanimous, nothing imaginative was done. By this time the artists have undertaken their problems of readjustment one by one and each in his own way. The impact of their momentary solidity and cohesion has spent itself. We did nothing for them because we have done nothing for the creative in our own souls. Not having made contact with the real issues of art, we felt more alien to our own artists than to the Belgian children.

Yet it remains true that something will result, is even now resulting, from the presence of this new element in American life. The artist's problem, always chronic, has suddenly become acute; and the multiplication of one problem among thousands is to influence society in many ways and despite itself.

What is required most of all for art in America is that we should recognize the artist's status as it always has been recognized in civilized communities, and create an atmosphere of direct fellowship strong enough to absorb the men and women who respond to the creator's ideal. In Europe successive generations of the same recurrent type have gradually impressed society with a tone favorable to the artist. An American student may go abroad for instruction in the first instance, but he remains for sympathy and a new feeling of self-respect. He grows aware that the artist, as a special type, coincides with a reciprocal element among the people as a whole; that he is taken for granted, poverty and all, and held in honor for the reason that his ideal corresponds to something the people esteem in their own lives.

In an environment over which the "old master" is perpetually suspended like a sword of Damocles, it is particularly difficult to perceive the relative unimportance of mere definite result and achievement. It is difficult to perceive that the old master itself only culminated a long social process and concentrated many instinctive desires. Every work of genius stands as apex to a pyramid solidly based upon daily life and the common man. It is easy, whatever the critic may assert, to cap a pyramid already established; impossible to build down into daily experience from the apex itself. Here in

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America we have been attempting to fill a quicksands of public indifference; to level the people up to art through their capacity for instruction rather than to liberate the sensuous impulses from which, in its own good time, a characteristic art will spring.

And the significance of the new influence in America is precisely that such indifference may at last justify itself in the presence of the suddenly intensified contrast between native artist and alien art. Those who are responsive to changes of thought and feeling among the people know that backfires have been lit to the sanctity hitherto attached to old masters and period decoration; that millionaires' collections no longer represent a door that is sealed upon beauty, but that the problem of art has begun at last to coincide with the efforts of earnest men and women to exchange snobbery for life and riches for experience. This is a problem that all may understand, that more and more will unite to solve. The common task is not so much to make monuments as to make civilization, to establish a balance between the eternal factors of personal life in which art shall return to its true function as recreative in the day's work. In all this necessity for readjustment and inquiry which has been thrust upon us, the artist from abroad plays an essential part. Quite aside from his talent and reputation, he has become, perhaps unconsciously, the little leaven in the loaf.

HORACE HOLLEY.

Redemption and Dostoevsky

I HAD spent Easter at a conference of socialists whose effect of futility was in part due to the majesty of their surroundings. For there was the golden gleam of daffodils at the door, and round about woods red with young buds sloped to wide steely waters, and above were the high and shining snows. To turn from this intense physical world to the mental atmosphere of indifference was like being struck blind in the midst of sunlight. These socialists would not think of the war, they would not open their hearts to one of the million sorrows of Europe, they professed a pacificism which was merely a yawn in the face of a long and distressing story. One was startled to realize that although this war had seemed the ugliest thing in the world, this corner of the world which had excluded it was uglier still. For their rejection of the truth came from no fastidiousness, their forbearance from no generosity. They forgave the nation whose sailors had jeered at the drowning passengers of the Falaba simply because they were too lazy to force their brains to realize that men and women had died in agony. They had schemes of sham statesmanship "to beat Germany back to her frontiers and no further," which showed a monstrous contentment that France and Belgium should never sleep again for apprehension of blood. And whilst they refused to consider the effects of the war they were forever tittering over its causes, alleging it the botched work of diplomatists to whom they could have taught a thing or two. But mostly they did not think about it at all. They did not, one perceived in the light of this callousness, think about anything. Their opinions were not so much gestures of the mind as thin medals of not very precious metal which they wore to show their membership of some exclusive society of intellectuals.

That this society in which they found themselves happened to profess socialism was due not to any desire for justice and the sweet conduct of life, but rather to an arrogant habit of travelling on lines contrary to other people's. Nothing in them was real except the passion for contradicting the rest of humanity, and one perceived that in their hands socialism might become merely an organized interruption of the social system, a cultured catcall from the gallery. And most ominous in their emptiness was the fact that they were not fools; their minds, although they twittered and hopped like sparrows on a rain-pipe, had wings that should have taken them long flights. They were failing as human beings, they were pushing back into the dark disordered universe those bright prizes of reason and order which it has been mankind's task to extricate, and their brains were not saving them. Indeed they were spurring them on by the provision of pert argument and a large, learned allusiveness. It was plain that the mind, the very existence of which one had taken as an earnest of the ultimate success of humanity in its business of bringing life to heel, could have its failures.

It sent one away in love with simple things. Better than these were the people who had gone to fight because their blood leapt irrationally at the bare announcement that their country was at war. The flesh may lead men to drink and such-like gluttonies, and treacheries against itself, but it also lifts them to simple and inspiring passions that make men die good deaths. And so for a time the flesh seemed a better master than the

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mind, until an incident on the return journey made manifest that the flesh too has its failures.

I woke up at midnight and found that my train had stopped at a great junction. A porter was making his way along the vast platform, swinging green rays from his lantern up into the yellow smoke of the high vaults, sending long, round-mouthed cries rolling away into the thick, dark silence; walking with that air of being the companion of ghosts which comes to every man who works alone by night, whether he be a shepherd on the Downs or a watchman by his brazier. At a bench opposite our carriage he paused and brought down his wandering rays to play on a dark lump that was suspended from it as a half-empty sack may hang over the side of a coal-cart. It stirred under the strong light and picked itself up, and although it controlled its lurchings towards the train with much skill, we had already begun to move when, assuring us that it meant no harm and would not hurt a kitten, it sat down in our carriage and began to weep.

Its grief was almost too large for the carriage. Real tears flowed down a Jewish handsomeness that lifted through the fleshly accretions of indulgent years as the ruins of Babylon through the desert sands, and its pendulous flesh was driven hither and thither by its sobs like clouds by the wind. He wept because he was drunk. He had, he called upon God to witness, a lovely wife, still the most beautiful woman in the world, although it was seventeen years since he had met her at the "Romantic Turkey" exhibition at Earl's Court, as pretty as a picture in the Seraglio side-show, her little feet sticking out of a pair of golden trousers, and her ankle, begging your pardon, no thicker than your wrist. And though she was delicate and a perfect lady there were six children, and they had all taken prizes at beauty-shows at most of the watering-places in England. Only last year Phyllis had won a motor-car at Scarborough. He had brought them up properly and like ladies, and not too much of this education so that they would not grow up mannish like those suffragettes. A photograph of Phyllis was produced and we were requested to note her goo-goo eyes, and consider them in conjunction with the fact that she could hardly read and write though she was rising fifteen; and indeed Phyllis was as lovely as the spring. And then he began to weep afresh because all this beauty and happiness was on the edge of an abyss.

He didn't know what was going to happen to 'em, he didn't, and Lloyd George in power and all. It hadn't been a bit his fault; he simply couldn't do the headwork on the Stock Exchange, that was why he had become a traveller for the Clan McGee whisky, though it wasn't what you would expect for a man of his education. And it had seemed all right. One wouldn't sneeze at a thousand pounds a year plus commish; but what he hadn't understood, what no one would understand, was that to get the orders you have to treat the boys. A dreadful grimace that, as if by habit, organized his wet features into an expression of conviviality, brought before one a vision of interminable evenings spent in hotel armchairs while red-gilled men said that they didn't mind if they did have another; evenings which were to be counted shameful if they were not suffused with an atmosphere in which lights swayed and the mind moved dizzily and generously. Well, now he had Bright's disease, and the doctors said that if he did not stop drinking he would die.

One had not expected the story to end in death, but there was the truth of extreme fear in the hot black eye above the purple pouch of flesh, and the large explanatory hand suspended in front of the red waistcoat so brightly embroidered with stag's heads. Well, he didn't want to die. But supposing he did stop drinking, he would lose the boys, lose his orders, lose his job, and not a pennypiece laid by. Poor little Norah would have to leave "Balmoral," and the girls would have to come home from boarding-school and God knows what they would do, with a sick man on their hands. They would starve. . . . . Sleep thickened his words into a snore, his violet jaw dropped, the tears rolled quietly down the tarpaulin texture of his cheek. One did not doubt that he would die.

Here was a crashing failure of the human heart. For clearly love is the highest achievement of the heart, the jewel among all other events of the personal life, the source of all other magnificences, and this man was a great lover. The real glory of love shone from his vileness as one may see a sunset blaze back from the viscous waters of wasteland in an industrial city. High and sustained above the shifts and debauches of his life, like a trumpet ringing over a marsh, was his loyalty to his wife: beyond all question he would have fought for her as he had drunk for her. And in his ecstasy over his children there was an earnestness which showed that his fatherhood was an emotion as well as a matter of the pride of possession. He conceived vaguely that in their beauty and prosperity he was vicariously leading the ideal life he might have lived if the Clan McGee jobs and most other things beside had not turned out such a dirty business. Love and parenthood, these are the most delightful flights the heart can wing, and he had known them both. And yet he was inconceivably unredeemed. As the dawn came through the windows

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and lay on the gray flesh that was blue in between the creases he seemed as incapable of redemption as a corpse; there was nothing to expect from him but corruption.

Well, he would die expensively, unpleasantly, painfully, becoming more and more horrible with every pang. And then poor Norah would have to leave "Balmoral," and most likely she would set up an apartment house. She would incline as the days of her widowhood increased to the permanent wearing of wrappers and lamentations over the days when she kept her own car, and perhaps the Clan McGee would again play a part in the history of the family. Certainly the house would before long become very dirty, and there would develop an atmosphere of spurious good fellowship between landlady and lodgers which would lead to much being forgiven on both sides. And the six lovely but illiterate daughters would join that stream of feminine loveliness which flows through every great city towards the goal of getting everything for nothing but its sex: deciding with shrewd, tight lips whether to travel by the channel of the stage or the hat-shop, deciding, with perhaps equal passionlessness, whether to do business by the commoner method of small profits and quick returns or to risk the great gamble of virtue. All that miracle of love would leave behind it would be a little entanglement of music-hall fun and squalor, a patch of fungus on the face of civilization. The flesh too can fail.

Then suddenly I remembered that all this is in Dostoevsky. This gaslit carriage in which the stupid man who was going to die had said significant things that bore upon the redemption of mankind might have been passing through the rich passionate gloom of Dostoevsky's brain. Indeed I looked hard at the sleeping man to make sure that I had not inadvertently translated him; for he might without any essential change have figured as an official in charge of the State vodka store in a village in the government of Novgorod, probably a subsidiary character in "The Brothers Karamazov." Certainly it would be "The Brothers Karamazov." For my despair over this body which had not been redeemed by all its achievement of love was my discovery of the realization which is the subject of that great book which is the allegory for the world's maturity, as "The Pilgrim's Progress" was the allegory for its childhood. The Brothers Karamazov were three, like every human being: there was Alyosha who is the soul, and Ivan who is the mind, and Mitya who is the body. Mitya knew such a splendor of love as had visited the husband of Norah. His beloved was obscured by betrayal and dingy adventure, so that his love was not a matter of pride, and she was bitter with misfortune, so that it was not a mere nuzzling into comfort. It was real love, a humble and brave research into the beauty of her being. Yet it did not save him. It led him into an unpardonable theft, into the squandering of filched money upon a peasant's debauch, into the spilling of an old man's blood, into the suspicion of a blacker crime. The flesh may flower with passion, cried Dostoevsky, with the passion of the epileptic who longs for a foothold on the earth from which his gusty nerves are forever shaking him; but those flowers may rot.

And he knew, too, that the thoughts of men could be as dry dust in the mouth. Surely that tattling socialist conference which had smiled at the advancing tide of blood had been translated from the quintet in "The Possessed," the quintet which was "systematically destroying society and all principles with the idea of nonplussing everyone and making hay of everything, and then, when society was sick, tottering, and out of joint, suddenly to seize it in their hands." It is a pity that Dostoevsky wrote his inquiry into the limitations of the intelligence in the mid-Victorian age, when the intelligence was looking its worst. The general public, devoid of even the small scientific smattering we have to-day, were curtailed off by their ignorance from such superb and dignified activities of the intelligence as the work of Huxley and Darwin. To bridge the gulf there had sprung up a race of interpreters who, being without the scientific spirit, had no scruple about interpreting the discoveries of the intelligence to please the capitalist masters of the world. Typical of these was Herbert Spencer, who got hold of a biological phrase, "the survival of the fittest," misunderstood it, and founded upon this misunderstanding a collection of harsh generalizations which were accepted by the rich manufacturing classes as a philosophy because they countenanced the sweating and oppression of the workers. And to this shoddy utilitarianism there was no effective reply from the educated classes who alone could have revealed the real loveliness of the intelligence. If one believed in what was then known as True Beauty one either went away and lived abroad in a marked manner like the Brownings, or sat crying quietly in the Lake district like Ruskin. So to the uneducated Dostoevsky the intelligence appeared merely the force that was promoting these unpitiful attacks of industrialism and atheism on a people innocently leisurely and full of faith. It was just such a monster as might fittingly act through Pyotr Stepanovitch, the organizer of the quintet, the sleek-headed young intellectual who talked so fast that one imagined that he must have a specially shaped tongue, preternaturally long and

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thin and red; so mischievously that his words were like poisoned arrows for the sides of kind men. There was no wonder that Dostoevsky turned away, muttered too sweeping a denunciation of the mind and began to call on the Russian God: a phrase which mercifully meant more than it said.

REBECCA WEST.

London, May.

Disarmament on the Great Lakes

PRECISELY how, for Great Britain's plan to increase armament on the Great Lakes, there was substituted the plan of the United States to abolish such international armament entirely; just what inducements led Great Britain to accede, and how, as a result, there ensued between the two nations international arbitration and international friendship, is made clear by negotiations begun just one century ago.

In 1815, on August twenty-ninth, as the records in the State Department in Washington show, John Quincy Adams, Minister to Great Britain under President Jefferson, transmitted to the United States British newspaper-clippings describing the intention of His Majesty the King to increase the English naval force on the Great Lakes. Mr. Monroe, Secretary of State, quick in behalf of future peace and no less quick in behalf of economy, promptly suggested, instead of augmentation of armament on the Great Lakes, complete abolishment of it.

In a letter to Mr. Adams, Mr. Monroe stated that he had information to the effect that the British government had already set about to increase its Great Lakes armament, but instead of asserting that he had sent a police alarm to the United States War Department, Mr. Monroe went on:

> It is evident if each party augments its force there, with a view to obtain the ascendency over the other, that vast expense will be incurred and the danger of collision augmented in like degree. The President is sincerely desirous to prevent an evil which it is presumed is equally to be deprecated by both Governments. He therefore authorizes you to propose to the British Government such an arrangement respecting the naval force to be kept on the Lakes by both Governments as will demonstrate their pacific policy and secure their peace. He is willing to confine it, on each side, to a certain moderate number of armed vessels, and the smaller the number the more agreeable to him; or to abstain altogether from an armed force beyond that used for revenue. You will bring this subject under the consideration of the British Government immediately after the receipt of this letter.

Mr. Adams had a conference with Lord Castlereagh on January 25, 1816. All that he has to say about the hopelessness of this proposal appears in a letter written to Mr. Monroe on January 31, 1816:

> With regard to the other topics embraced in the conference, I can only now state in a summary manner that I think the proposal for mutually disarming on the lakes of Canada, which I made conformably to your instructions, will not be accepted.

England was apprehensive. She had fought the War of 1812. She had lost—primarily because she was engaged on the Continent—and naturally she looked askance on any project that left her Lakes boundaries unprotected, with the United States steadily increasing its military power. There was a stream of letters both ways, and on February 8, 1816, Mr. Adams reported:

> He (Lord Castlereagh) said that just before the conclusion of the peace Great Britain had been under the necessity of making extraordinary exertions and to build a number of new vessels upon the Lakes to enable her to maintain her footing there; and when I remarked that this was not what had drawn the animadversion of the American Government, but the new armaments—vessels of war begun and built since the peace—he replied that we had so much the advantage over them there by our position that a mutual stipulation against arming, during the peace, would be unequal and disadvantageous in its operation to Great Britain. For as the hands of both parties would, by such an engagement, be tied until war should have commenced, the Americans by their proximity would be able to prepare armaments for attacks much sooner than those of the British could be prepared for defense.

Mr. Adams argued eloquently. It appears to have been vital to the success of his argument that the United States had no secret treaties and no means for precipitate mobilization of troops. He reports:

> I urged that as at all events the state of the armaments during peace, on one side, must be the measure of those on the other, this advantage of proximity must be nearly the same whether they are great or small; that the agreement to forbear arming in time of peace would rather diminish than add to it, and that a war could not break out, on the part of the United States, suddenly or without such a previous state of the relations between the two nations as would give the British Government warning to be prepared for the event and to take such measures as might enable them to arm on the Lakes when the war commenced quite as rapidly and effectually as the United States could do on their side. But, although Lord Castlereagh promised to submit the proposal to the Cabinet, his own disinclination to accede to it was so strongly marked that I cannot flatter myself it will be ac-

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cepted. The utmost that they may be induced to consent to may be an arrangement to limit the force which either party shall keep in actual service upon the Lakes.

The argument by the United States for diminishing armament on the Lakes was kept waging against that of the British government for increasing armament. There is a clear record of the persuasive efforts of Mr. Adams for international disarmament. A century ago, in fact, he reviewed substantially all of the arguments for disarmament that have been set forth since this present great war began. In one letter to the British government he insisted:

> The increase of naval armaments on one side upon the Lakes, during peace, will necessitate the like increase on the other, and besides causing an aggravation of useless expense to both parties, must operate as a continual stimulus of suspicion and ill will upon the inhabitants and local authorities of the borders against those of their neighbors. The moral and political tendency of such a system must be to war and not to peace. The American Government proposes mutually to reduce, to the same extent, all naval armaments upon those Lakes. The degree to which they shall be reduced is left at the option of Great Britain.

Mr. Adams saw little hope. His reports suggest that England, though staggering under a great war debt come from the Napoleonic wars, was averse to the novelty called disarmament and was suffering what has proved to be the recurrent hallucination of the Continent—that the way to prepare for peace is to prepare for war. In March, 1816, he wrote to Mr. Monroe not a little regretfully:

> You may, however, consider it as certain that the proposal to disarm upon the Lakes will not be accepted. In all the debates in Parliament upon what they call their military and naval peace establishment the prospect of a new war with the United States has been distinctly held up by the ministers and admitted by the opposition as a solid reason for enormous and unparalleled expenditure and preparation in Canada and Nova Scotia.

The summer of 1816 found England forced by dint of industrial complexities at home to put war out of mind. She then found herself less willing to fear anything from distant and well-disposed United States. She was, in fact, secure in domination of the four great European Powers and confident that those Powers could rule the world. She was staggering under a debt of more than four billion dollars—the equivalent to-day of much more than that amount—costing annually more than $150,000,000 in interest. With peace—a peace that seemed very secure—came that realizing sense of debt that usually comes with relaxation, as well as an end of the commercial prosperity that she had enjoyed at home during the war. There was severe industrial discontent, radical changes in laws and in Parliament, and the crying need everywhere for retrenchment—so severe a need that the English navy was reduced from more than one hundred thousand men in 1815 to thirty-three thousand in the following year. And on the Great Lakes England had seventy-four vessels.

It was little wonder that the summer of 1816 brought a change in the attitude of Great Britain toward Great Lakes disarmament. Just when this change seemed imminent Mr. Monroe himself wrote, on August 2, 1816, suggestions for a compromise. He addressed his letter to Mr. Bagot:

> I have the honor to state that the President is willing, in the spirit of the peace which so happily exists between the two Nations and until the proposed arrangement shall be canceled in the manner hereinafter suggested, to confine the naval force to be maintained on the Lakes on each side to the following vessels—that is, on Lake Ontario one vessel not exceeding 110 tons burden and one 18-pound cannon, and on the upper Lakes to two vessels of like burden and force, and on the waters of Lake Champlain to one vessel not exceeding the like burden and force; and that all other armed vessels on those Lakes shall be forthwith dismantled; and likewise that neither party shall build or arm any other vessel on the shores of those Lakes.

That proposal from the United States came pleasurably, the records show, to the English expediencies. England, in fact, at last admitted that the contentions of Mr. Adams and of Mr. Monroe were quite safe and sound. Mr. Monroe's proposal was accepted. There followed the salutary operation of disarmament on the Great Lakes. The final agreement between the two nations resulted in the following stipulations:

> 1. The naval forces henceforth to be maintained upon the Great Lakes shall be confined to the following vessels on each side:
>
> 2. On Lake Ontario, one vessel not to exceed 100 tons burden, carrying not more than 20 men and one 18-pound cannon.
>
> 3. On the upper Lakes, two vessels of same burden and armed in a like way.
>
> 4. On Lake Champlain, one vessel of like size and armament.
>
> 5. All other armed vessels to be at once dismantled, and no other vessel of war should be built or armed along the St. Lawrence River or on the Great Lakes.

But there were repeated assaults upon this agreement. After frequent disturbances on the Lakes occasioned by pirates and Indians, Senator Allen of Ohio on August 3, 1841, "moved an amendment to the fortification bill for the defense on the northwestern Lakes." His proposal for an increase of armament was debated at length on the day of its introduction, and on the following day Mr. Allen said that it was not offered with a view to benefit any particular section of the country. He had merely come to understand that the British had two armed steamers on Lake Erie, and he thought

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"armed steamers were necessary to watch armed steamers."

Soon after the passage of the fortification act, and in execution of the authority therein given to the President to build and equip war vessels on the Lakes, the Secretary of the Navy took steps toward the construction of an iron steamer for service on the upper Lakes. During the next two years there was constructed at Pittsburgh the side-wheel bark Michigan, which was removed in sections to Erie, Pa., and floated in the summer of 1844.

There was a prompt remonstrance from the British government. England insisted that the United States was infringing on the international agreement. The representatives of the two governments met, discussed the situation, and settled it almost pleasurably.

During the Civil War the United States government again was impressed with the idea that the British government was not keeping the spirit of its agreement, but was showing favoritism toward the Southern States. Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, pointed out that such favoritism was contrary to the spirit of the Great Lakes agreement and he went on to serve formal notice upon Great Britain that the agreement between the nations should be abrogated at the end of six months. His note bore the date of October 24, 1864.

The reply from the British government showed that Great Britain was so well pleased with the arrangement that had existed for nearly half a century that she objected stanchly to its abrogation. Under date of November 26, 1864, Lord Russel wrote to Lord Lyons a summarization of what seemed to be the sentiment of the British Empire:

> It is perfectly competent to the United States to give notice that at the end of six months that Government will be at liberty to increase their naval force on the Lakes. It is certainly true that while both nations are disarmed on the Lakes marauders or depredators may destroy or capture unarmed vessels belonging to either party. Her Majesty will, of course, be at liberty also to increase her naval force on the Lakes at the expiration of the six months after notice if she should think fit to do so, but it is hoped that when peace is restored the former agreement, which was formed upon just and wise considerations, may be renewed as one that must be advantageous to both parties.

The treaty was not abrogated. In fact, its influence toward friendship between the United States and Great Britain was so powerful that its abrogation was carefully avoided. In the naval act of May 4, 1898, a gunboat was authorized to be built on the Great Lakes to replace an old and obsolete one. Its construction was delayed from time to time until finally Congress, out of a desire to enhance the spirit of the original agreement between the two neighboring nations, and anxious to avoid any act that might possibly be misunderstood by Great Britain, left the gunboat unfinished, and on August 22, 1912, authorized the completion of one for Chinese waters instead. It is notable, too, that even the naval militia of the United States are not trained upon the Great Lakes.

It may be conjectured that this agreement between Great Britain and the United States, now almost a century old, has resulted not only in a saving of billions of dollars to each country but in the continuance of friendly relations as well. It is, in short, an admirable illustration of the steps by which all world nations must, if at all, overcome national, racial and every other difference, if they are to do away with armament and to substitute mere police power in place of it.

DONALD WILHELM.

The Wasted Years

ONLY one child out of fourteen in our school system ever reaches the high school; whatever education ninety per cent of American children are to have they must acquire before they are fourteen years old. So elementary a fact as this, it would seem, should be at the background of every discussion and criticism of the public schools. Yet the most cursory inspection of the average city public school shows that its significance has only recently and very dimly been realized.

Indeed, as the average city public school is at present organized, there is every reason to believe that most of the children get practically all their education before their tenth year. Limited as this schooling is, they do not by any means get the full advantage of what is supposed to be given them. One can hardly come from a study of the everyday classroom work of the average city school without a conviction that there is disastrous intellectual leakage which has been strangely ignored by educators.

This leakage is not in the primary school and the high school. For the teaching of "the three R's" American normal schools and training colleges in recent years have worked out many admirable techniques, which seem to have been generally adopted. The younger generation of teachers is doing efficiently its work of giving the child a mastery of these essentials of civilized intercourse. The present primary school on its intellectual side is an efficient institution.

Similarly the high school has had a large amount of attention and skill lavished upon it. Its peculiar

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problems have been studied and met. The best high schools have been made to approximate elementary colleges, with well-rounded courses of languages and sciences, of artistic, manual and physical work. For the highly selected group which reaches the high school it provides an excellent curriculum, both for higher study and for social orientation.

Between the primary school and the high school, however, there lies a desert waste of four years, the significance and possibilities of which seem to have been scarcely considered. They are the most urgent years of all, for in them the educator must give compensation to the children who are forced to leave school for the opportunities they are to miss. Yet these middle years of what used to be called the "grammar school" are now left not only unmotivated, but without any genuine educational function. Instead of being prophetic of the future they merely drag along the relics of the past. Some schools, it is true, have timidly brought down the beginning of high school studies into the lower grades, but in general the "grammar school" merely continues the interests of the primary school on substantially the same lines.

Fifteen years ago, when I went to school, there may have been some excuse for this system. Teachers may have been correct in their belief that it took the average child eight years to learn arithmetic, reading, writing, spelling, and a smattering of history and geography. To-day such an assumption is ridiculous. I have seen children in large classes in an ordinary city school system learn all the elements of "the three R's" in less than six months. The clear writing and accurate reading of little children in the first grade who have only been going to school for a few months is astonishing. It suggests that Mme. Montessori could scarcely have known of the excellence of elementary methods in this country when she urged her ideas as revolutionary. For these small children, as for the Montessori child, the competitive number-work, the writing from dictation, the oral reading, the spelling, seemed not drudgery but interesting activity. Astonishing, too, was the uniform excellence of the results.

Now it is little more than a truism to say that "the three R's" have not really been learned until they have become automatic, that reading, writing and arithmetic are not ends in themselves but merely the tools for work. To give command of the tools is the peculiar task of the primary school, and of the primary school only. If children can be given an acquaintance with "the three R's" in six months, it does not seem too much to expect them to acquire this automatic command in two or three years. It is incredible that the child should have to study eight years for this. Yet our elementary schools continue to assume that every child is thus mentally backward. In the higher grades we find the same subjects, formal reading lessons, formal penmanship lessons, formal arithmetic and spelling. But something has happened to these children. They are distinctly less interested, less interesting, and even less capable than the smaller children. It is depressing to realize that the elementary school has existed only to turn first-grade children into seventh-grade children, and to realize that most of the latter are nearing the end of their school-days and will pass out into the world with that intellectual listlessness and lack of command.

Let me suggest what has happened to these older children. Formal work, the learning of any technique, is apt to be pleasurable as long as we can feel ourselves gradually acquiring a command over our instrument. But after we have acquired the technique and can rely upon our skill, there is no gain in continuing formal exercises. There is only gain in using our skill in real work, the work for which we have studied. If we have studied a language, we do not keep mulling over rules of grammar and vocabularies, but we try as soon as possible to read. The means now gives way to the end.

We can understand one cause for that situation of which employers complain when children come to them from the public schools unprepared in the very elements of education. In the bad memories, flimsy information, inability to write or spell or figure accurately, is found the very common indictment of the public school. The criticism is usually that the groundwork has been poor, that the children have not been trained in the fundamentals. If my thesis is correct the groundwork has not been poor. Of recent years, it has, on the contrary, been unusually excellent and thorough. The leakage has come in the middle years, which have simply disintegrated the foundations. The school has sharpened the mind, and then, by providing only a repetition of formal work instead of practical opportunity for use of the acquired technique, has proceeded to dull it. Grammar has been studied, literature in a curiously desiccated fashion, political history, esoteric branches of arithmetic. Subjects like these have filled the time that might have been given to copious individual reading, to writing about what is read or experienced, to practical number-work in simple statistics or accounting. Time which might have been given, through use of pictures and newspapers, to the cultivation of an imaginative historical and geographical background, has gone into aimless memorizing, or into a glib use of words and phrases.

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This situation is all the more preposterous because both the high school and college are full of studies that could be begun by the intelligent child as soon as a technical proficiency in "the three R's" was once obtained. What psychological law declares that before fourteen a human being is incapable of learning languages, the sciences, or even the sociological studies, but that after fourteen he is capable of learning all these things? As a matter of fact, most of these "higher" studies could be much more easily assimilated by the quick and curious mind of the younger child than by the older. And for the worker in any field, acquaintance with elementary science and the organization of society is so emphatically important that we cannot afford to let the vast majority of our citizens remain all their lives ignorant of their very terms. In the four years of the "grammar school" an intelligent interest could be awakened in these fields, and the main outlines grasped. This would not mean the addition of many new subjects to an already crowded curriculum. It would merely mean the dropping of "the three R's" back into their rightful place in the primary school. It would lighten rather than overburden the school. We should then have a fair division of labor and function between the schools, to the profit of both.

If there is one criticism of the public school system on its intellectual side that can justly be made general, it is this of the wasted years. The school has found itself in this paradoxical situation, that the more excellent became its primary methods the poorer became the product at the end of the system. This paradox is explained. Educators have simply failed to recognize that the sharper they made the elementary tools and the better the facilities of obtaining skill in their use, the more varied and immediate should be the work upon which the tools are to be exercised. They have failed to provide this work. They have left a leakage in public education which has almost defeated its own ends. RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

A COMMUNICATION

The Revolt of Wives

FOR untold generations an insidious hypnosis, a twofold obsession, has possessed human beings: viz., men need immense sex-activity; marriage is the normal and legitimate field for it.

Women have in the main followed the pace set by men, and have regarded the sensualities of marriage, for which in many cases they have learned a measured complaisance, as the sacrificial fires of their love and devotion. But the negative morality of woman is slowly dying, an initiative impulse is manifesting in her, a morality not less moral because it is active and positive. With this strong, fresh, healthy, and wisely loving impulse, women are to lead men and other women out of their destructive sex-confusion, are to awaken them from the lotus dream which benumbs their great creative powers, physical, intellectual and spiritual.

A pseudo-humanitarian suggestion for limiting births is now under discussion. There is no doubt that every high human feeling of mercy and of purity should lend its aid to such control. But the remedy proposed, the spreading of the knowledge of preventives, is based upon the same twofold fallacy of extreme sexual necessity and marriage as its natural expression. There could be no more fitting contribution to the debased idea of marriage than official or professional sanction of any compromise or device whatsoever for preventing conception. The half has not been told by conventions, committees and boards; for the silent married women who dare not compare notes, and the coarse-grained married women who know no better than to do so, and the degenerate married women who crave the frightful corpse of love they carry, are not computed. These poor lives should indeed be lifted from their misery, whether incessant demand means incessant childbearing or not. But organic treatment is called for, not a superficial treatment of symptoms. Only eradication of the cause will avail—the destruction of the root-evil which is no other than abnormal, inordinate, unsane sensuality, primarily of men. The one possible cure for the whole evil is continence. The simple logic of cause and effect is obvious. In every instance there should be at the very least entire willingness to meet the effect of the cause: "that should not be touched the fruit of which is not desired."

Beyond all question the abnormal claim of the senses has been a chief cause of delay in the development of the feminine sex. Now, however, women are waking up to facts. Through women the human race is to learn the high import of sex, though it be at a high cost of struggle and suffering for both women and men. Only with deepest love can the uncompromising mission be accomplished. A sure conviction is stealing in upon the consciousness of woman that she has misconceived her duty to man, that her usefulness to him does not lie in supplying the demands of appetite. Her duty to him, to offspring, to the race, and to herself is, by all righteous means, even by failure of that supply, to change the character of the demand. Shaking off the thrall of his teaching and of the world obsession, she will first learn and then lead him to learn that the generative function is for creation through complete and comprehensive passion, passion on all planes, which is the fruit of continence; that it is a cosmic force, the use or abuse of which is a solemn responsibility; that use is occasional and rare, that frequency is abuse; that the non-creativeness of sensuality is proved by the failure of offspring to make any substantial advance beyond parents as the generations pass; that parents are deliberately wasting substances which should go to the increase

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of their own bone, muscle, blood and brain, and to the like endowment of their children; that these children are only "minor works" and not full creations, and that the case is made as bad as possible for them by the sensual atmosphere subtly bred in the home by over-sexed parents, and as subtly felt by the younger members of the family.

Women are beginning to feel that if marriage is not relieved of an impurity which is essentially that of prostitution, it is not good enough for them nor for the daughters they love. A deep revolt is growing not only against excessive childbearing but against its cause. "What is the ruin and degradation of one sex cannot be the necessity of the other" applies to the married woman equally with the prostitute and the white slave victim. Social workers cannot hope to reform conditions until they "throw down the gauntlet to the whole horrible thing," striving to redeem marriage also from the terrible misapprehension under which the sacramental institution droops and dwindles like a lily sullied and weighted with slime.

The revolt of wives is coming. It means revolution—to the end of evolution. Some phases will take on the aspect of retrogression. No concentrated and acknowledged outbreak will characterize its progress. A quiet, pervasive, persistent, and, where women are wisest, a gentle and loving force, it will slowly press its relentless logic and its inspired beauty upon the world.

FLORENCE WYMAN RICHARDSON.

St. Louis, Mo.

CORRESPONDENCE

As a Soldier Thinks

SIR: Mr. Seeger's article "As a Soldier Thinks of War" needs a second and third reading, as much to discover the things he leaves unsaid as to enjoy the things he says so well. It takes the attitude, inevitable, probably, to a man at the front of battle, that the soldier is in contact with simple, elemental facts of life, nearer truth because he is nearer death; and that all his previous thinking on man and nature has been weak and insufficient.

Is this true? Or is it true that war, far from being the most natural and fundamental of phenomena, is the most abnormal; that soldiers in battle either fall far below the average or rise far above it; that in the stress of circumstances they lose rather than gain a sense of proportion and a just understanding of the events of which they themselves are but a small part? The ecstatic and somewhat strained expression of Mr. Seeger's article makes this seem the more probable. Feeling that he is no longer complete master of himself, the soldier rejoices in the sinking of his own personality in something greater than he. But is he moved, as Mr. Seeger feels, by a great unseen, universal force? Or is war just a tremendous thing organized and controlled by men, in its essence as sordid and commercial as any of the crimes of peace, more selfish and material, and deliberately planned on a far grander scale? We are, of course, not speaking of defensive war, but of the whole hideous train of events started by the aggression of a few; not of the bravery of individual soldiers, but of the wrong done to them by the war system.

All the other fallacies noticeable in the essay are simply the natural result of this distorted point of view. Somehow peace is identified with "comfort" and sloth. It is a sort of Venusberg of ease. Pacifists are "easygoing" and vaguely identified with liqueur-sipping loungers on the Riviera. Yet for most of us an eager desire for peace is not the result of indolence. Peace is creative and vital and strong, a fight in itself, an opportunity to destroy the things war creates—disease and crime—prostitution and slavery and poverty—to educate men and lift them out of bestiality, and to work for the things that are worth while—life and health and happiness.

It may seem to a man on the battlefield that wars are the "birthpangs of new eras." But the metaphor is nothing more than an empty phrase. New eras are the result not of war, but of slow, careful and painful effort in time of peace. It is hard to see what can be ushered in by war except the transfer of territorial or commercial advantages. One might suppose Mr. Seeger was thinking of the crushing of military despotism if it were not for his contention that war is not only beautiful but inevitable, and that America's lesson is to be watchful and prepared!

Is there not a third fallacy in the calm statement that only America's isolation has kept her safe? In the first place a country with interests in all parts of the world can hardly be called isolated. And in the second place, does a closer interweaving of the threads of finance and commerce, education and communication necessarily mean a clashing of interests? If anything can bring about a cessation of wars in the future, it is the growing realization of men that national prosperity depends on just this knitting together of international ties, and that cooperation rather than competition begets national advantage.

Perhaps the strongest proof of the abnormality of the soldier's way of thinking is the following comment on American newspapers: "In them are arranged all the errors of the anti-militarists—the exaggerated notion of the importance of human life, the inability to understand international relations as being conducted upon any other basis than that which subsists between individuals." As if the basis of international relations is or could be anything but honor, humanity, and justice; and as if these—more fundamental than life or death itself—were not one and indivisible, the same for nations as for men!

War may bring to the soldier an idea of the cheapness of human life. But we who are struggling against disease and poverty know that life is precious. Our philosophy is based on one essential idea—that a life saved and made effective can accomplish far more than thousands bravely and ineffectively thrown away.

HARRIET FOX WHICHER.

New York City.

Mr. Seeger's Philosophy

SIR: I wonder if all soldiers engaged in freeing the world from Prussian militarism become imbued with the philosophy displayed by Mr. Alan Seeger in THE NEW REPUBLIC for May twenty-second. Three separate thoughts seem to underlie it.

The first is the puritanical idea that suffering is a good thing. The pains of childbirth are accepted as inevitable and desirable for women; the pains of war should be so accepted for men. He does not mention the suffering war

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brings to women, but that is doubtless an added advantage.

The second thought in Mr. Seeger's philosophy is that true civilization consists in increasing the range of emotional vibrations and enthusiasms. War accomplishes this in two ways—it is accompanied by intense enthusiasm (as is the lynching of a negro), and it causes intense sorrow which tries the heart "with that kind of affliction that alone can unfold the profundities of the human spirit." Our advance in civilization since savage times doubtless consists in the greater extent of the afflictions caused by our improved methods of warfare.

The third and perhaps the most important assumption is that of the "inevitableness and naturalness of war." "All mankind takes sides. The same faith that made him surrender himself to the impulses of normal living and of love forces him now to make himself the instrument through which a greater force works out its inscrutable ends." In the Middle Ages this "greater force" worked out its inscrutable ends through plagues and pestilences; to-day, through the poverty of the great mass of mankind, it attains its inscrutable end of preserving those natural and inalienable rights embodied in our Anglo-Saxon common law. Whether to avoid pestilence, or poverty, or war, it is wicked to alter any of these "natural processes" for anything so "arbitrary" as "considerations of individual human wellbeing."

If the above philosophy takes hold of all who fight against Prussian militarism, by all means let all the world join the fight. Whether or not we succeed in crushing the Prussian monster, we may at least all of us attain this sublime philosophy (Mr. Seeger tells us "it takes long nights at the outposts" to do so), and the world will be in a fair way of becoming a better place for cosmic forces to live in.

ROBERT L. HALE.

New York City.

When the Rub Will Come

SIR: We don't know anything about the real hell of this war now. That will come in the reconstruction period, and it will come in every nation of the world.

When the millions of soldiers return from the battlefields, many of them maimed and crippled, their industrial skill gone, they will not find their places waiting for them. Women are working now, and at lowered wages. Children are working. Industry has shrunk, and there will be a long slow process before it resumes normal proportions. There will be a tremendous oversupply of labor—and that means lowered wages. The governments will cease providing for their armies, and there will be no other provision at hand.

In America too we are living on war exports. We are importing gold at an enormous rate. That means higher prices here—so does the war demand. That means a tendency to speculation and overproduction. Prices will rise—wages, proportionally, will not. Then will come peace. War orders for munitions, for textiles, for metals, for grain, will cease. The bottom will drop out of the market. Employment will be enormously curtailed. Immigration is likely to set in at an unprecedented rate. All this spells unemployment—widespread and disastrous. And we shall not be ready for it. We never are.

There will be a long depression before industry can readjust itself to changed conditions. It will be hard on capital—it will be harder on labor. Then will come the real hell of the war.

ELLIS GEE.

Cambridge, Mass.

Making Diplomatic Correspondence Public

SIR: I have noted with increasing apprehension the course of the Administration in withholding its recent diplomatic correspondence with the Orient. It is bad enough to know that the Japanese demands upon China have not been allowed to come before the British public; but shall we permit this absurd and evil censorship to be attached to our affairs? On the one hand, we are congratulating ourselves with much show of self-complacency upon our even temper and sound judgment in the matter of the European war. Some knotty diplomatic points have arisen, and momentous notes have been exchanged across the western ocean; yet this correspondence has freely been given to the press, and we have kept our heads. This, we say, is a triumph of democracy. On the other hand, beyond the Pacific a far wider breach yawns before us; and the correspondence relating to this ominous problem has all of it been withheld. The fact of the matter is that, from the first, public opinion in the United States was determined to hold aloof from any entanglements with the European war; and this state of mind was so widespread and made itself so evident that there could be no question of its sound and permanent quality. We simply refused, under any circumstances short of open insult, to become embroiled. And it begins to look as if the Administration, with this foreknowledge of the public mind, was quite willing to give out even its most delicate correspondence with the European Powers, but that on the Eastern question, with respect to which it was not so sure of the public mind, it preserved a discreet silence. Apparently in the opinion of those in high places there are still some matters with which we may not safely be trusted.

To put the subject in another light, in case the public opinion of the country had not been so well-grounded in its sobriety towards European affairs—in case there had been in our attitude towards any of the belligerent Western nations a trace of jealousy, suspicion, apprehension, or other influences which make for war—would this diplomatic correspondence on whose calm reception we at present pride ourselves have been given to the country so freely? There is undoubtedly a jingo element in the country which fosters enmity between the United States and Japan, an enmity for which there seems to be no intelligent cause. But this is no excuse for withholding any diplomatic correspondence between these two governments. For it is to be presumed that in this diplomatic correspondence there can be nothing to support a jingoish attitude of public opinion; or if there is, then the attitude is no longer jingoish.

This policy is altogether wrong. Whether or not we may safely be trusted with the matter—that is to say, whether or not it is liable to impel us into war—is not the question. It is the right of the country to have the facts, and to act upon them according to its best judgment. This, with all due respect, is the main principle of a truly democratic foreign policy. We are one of the Powers to whom China will appeal. We are bound to her by plain treaty obligations. Our honor is distinctly involved. But how shall we know what threatens or where we stand? Leaving aside any discussion of the point of national honor involved—except to remark that upon this phase of the ques-

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tion the country cannot take a clear stand without knowing the facts—let us remember that a war might conceivably be thrust upon us from the East as well as from the West. In such a pass, the lack of an active and well-informed public conception of the issue, which might have been developed during the last few months through agitation of the diplomatic correspondence, would be a grave detriment to our state of preparedness—a state already sufficiently complicated.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

Searsport, Me.

Against "The Birth of a Nation"

SIR: You will be interested to know the use I was able to make of Mr. Francis Hackett's article reviewing "The Birth of a Nation" in THE NEW REPUBLIC of March twentieth. I have waited until the flurry of the first alarm has passed before offering this statement.

The first indication of serious trouble here came with a protesting delegation of negroes, clergymen, teachers, doctors, who called on the president of the Board of Police Commissioners and was sent by him to me. When one is asked by the head of the Police Department for a formal official opinion on the likelihood of a race war being declared next week, one is apt to telegraph for help. St. Louis is just now caught in one of those recurrent "negro segregation" agitations common to most border cities. An initiative petition is being circulated, almost surreptitiously, proposing the usual restriction of residence plan, and there is a great deal of feeling under the surface and sometimes an open outbreak. Into this smouldering situation was to be projected, apparently, a vivid presentation of the negro in every worst phase of political supremacy and attempted social equality which could fire a Southern white man into a towering rage. The circulators of the segregation initiative petition are involving it with the opposition to a proposed parkway bond issue, to be voted on June eighth, and some of the negroes believed that "The Birth of a Nation" was being brought into the city at this juncture to further complicate the issue to their detriment. This is almost too clever to be true; it is just one of those improbable accidents that are not supposed to happen except in books; but so far as the immediate psychological effect is concerned, it might have been planned out with diabolic ingenuity.

The film is not coming to St. Louis. But it took three municipal departments, the Police Department, the Recreation Division, the Prosecuting Attorney's office, all the reviews of the film which I had at hand or could obtain by telegraphing for, and a good many consultations and conciliations to keep it out. The upshot of it all is that we have decided we must have a local Board of Control of films. We put our faith in the National Board of Censorship, and they have served well. Our films are of a high average. But some local situations a New York board cannot be expected to know, and we must be prepared to meet these without so much expenditure of time and flurry.

Mr. Hackett's article helped us in a difficult situation. A few of his flaming sentences expressed my own wrath more than adequately, and I was enabled to unburden my feelings by proxy, and so without being directly responsible for such unladylike—to say nothing of unofficial—language. To a woman office-holder this is often a real relief.

CHARLOTTE RUMBOLD.

St. Louis, Mo.
Department of Public Welfare.

An Objection

SIR: Will you permit me to suggest that you will find it most desirable to read a book before making any extended editorial comment thereon?

In your issue of March thirteenth you criticise the *Scientific American's* editorial summary of my book "Peace Insurance." The editor of the *Scientific American* appears to have read the book before making his comments, while your writer evidently did not think such a course was necessary. How, then, can your writer presume to criticise the accuracy or the wisdom of the *Scientific American's* comments?

You state that my comparison of deaths in peace and war includes only the deaths on the side of the victor in war. That is not true. The book gives comparisons showing the total losses of all involved. You infer that the victor always has the smaller losses. This is not correct. Japan's losses were heavier than Russia's. You state that the "far more numerous deaths from disease" are disregarded. That is not so. "Peace Insurance" considers and compares deaths from disease in peace and war at some length. You infer that proportions engaged in peace and war are not considered. That is erroneous.

You ask why we get smaller results from the expenditures on our army and navy than does Germany, for instance. Had you read "Peace Insurance" you would know. You make several other incorrect statements and inferences which are explained correctly in the work in question.

Would it not be well for you to read the book and answer your own questions—correct your own misstatements? Do the two editorials on "Peace Insurance" properly indicate the degree of accuracy observed in the *Scientific American* and THE NEW REPUBLIC?

RICHARD STOCKTON, JR.
Captain, 2d Infantry, N.J.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—It is true that the writer of the paragraphs in the issue of March thirteenth had not read Mr. Stockton's book. He assumed that the statements quoted in the *Scientific American* correctly represented the character of the book, and this appears to be the case. Mr. Stockton is mistaken in his statement that in his comparisons between peace accidents and losses in war he includes in the latter the losses on both sides. We may refer him to page ninety-five of his book, and the plate facing page ninety-six. Nor does he give any scientifically tenable comparison of losses in war from disease with deaths from disease in peace. If the author "considered" the proportions engaged in peace and war, the effect of such consideration upon his conclusions is not apparent. For other points in connection with the valuation of this book, see the review published elsewhere in this issue.]

Freud Repudiated

SIR: Now that writers of fiction, under the spell of certain theories put forward by Freud, are moved to present us with "problems of mismating . . . explained entirely by the hero's emotional relation to his parents" (I quote from a recent review in THE NEW REPUBLIC) it may be well to recall the opinion as to the soundness of Freud's view, of Freud's master, the originator of the method of psychoanalysis, Pierre Janet, of Paris. This opinion the great French psychiatrist expressed in an address delivered at the international medical congress assembled at London in the summer of 1913. It amounted

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to a repudiation of Freud's conclusions—conclusions, according to Janet, without scientific foundation. While reasserting his own early hypothesis that sex is a factor of the greatest importance in explaining psychic phenomena, Janet pointed out that, in effect, nothing ascertained in the excessively obscure and complex processes of human psychology justifies the investigator in assigning to sex the role of ultimate and almost exclusively determining factor adjudged it by Freud. To play the ubiquitous and dominant part in the individual economy assigned it in the Freudian dispensation, sex must be supported by fantastic or purely arbitrary interpretations of observed phenomena.

It might be well, for the fortifying of the mere lay mind, to look up the address in question, as an interesting contribution toward the divergence, in the interpretation of an idea, between its originator and its exploiter. It may serve to maintain equanimity, while listening to the latest Freudian recruit expounding life, to remember that in all probability he has never heard of Janet. Incidentally, I believe that Janet's address was not even mentioned at the time of the congress by the general American press, which confined itself in the main to reporting the American delegates, and the ovation accorded to Ehrlich.

F. V. K.

Château d'Oex, Switzerland.

For a U. S. Coalition Cabinet

SIR: If the President were to follow the course recommended to him by Mr. A. E. Hamell and to appoint a coalition cabinet in order to secure the united support of the country by so doing, I venture to suggest that in the place of the second gentleman named in Mr. Hamell's letter to you, Mr. Wilson might better call to his council Mr. H. W. Johnson of California.

MEDILL MCCORMICK.

Springfield, Ill.

Capital's Alliance with the Universities

SIR: Your editorial in the issue of May twenty-second on "Our Universities" strikes at the root of a question which has only mildly penetrated the consciousness of Americans interested in social advance. The social value and influence of our universities which are under private control may well be considered one of the capital questions of our social problem when their capitalization and investments are considered, and the natural implications of this vast mass of capital in the same hands as those which direct for the most part the great financial and industrial operations of the land. I have discussed this question in part in my "Christianity and the Social Rage," in a chapter devoted to "Universities and Social Advance." But perhaps you will permit space, in view of your editorial, to call attention to the fact that there is a natural alliance between the university under private control and the concentrated industrial and financial capital of the country. Originally perhaps perfectly innocent, by the vast growth of university endowments this alliance has become necessary. From whom must the vast endowments come if not from holders of these great concentrated blocks of capital? To whom must the financial officers of the university go for the investment of their funds except to these same sources? A study of the investment of university endowments in this respect is exceedingly illuminating, and the alliance thus revealed is wholly natural if not absolutely necessary. This immediately raises the question why, since we are regulating vast accumulations of wealth, great blocks of millions of capital engaged in educational enterprises should be left wholly out of the purview of careful oversight and regulation, the more in view of their vast influence over the thought and wellbeing of the nation. Is there any sound reason why the application of say fifty millions to the business of cotton manufacturing should be any more a subject of public inquiry and concern than the investment of fifty millions in education, both being under private control? What is there different in principle from being anxious that every public service corporation shall not misuse its powers, and being equally anxious that a university shall not stand in the way of social advance?

A. A. BERLE.

Cambridge, Mass.

Patriotic Newspaper Silence

SIR: No matter where the blame will ultimately be placed in the English situation—on Kitchener or the General Staff that preceded him, on Churchill or on Admiral "Jackie" Fisher—the present hubbub in the newspaper world should be illuminating to the man who goes behind the gun, whether by conscription or otherwise. Take the cable news of May twenty-third. The London *Daily Mail* is accused by the *Star* of publishing long lists of casualties when such information is being eagerly sought by the Germans. The *Star* goes on to affirm that it, too, has the facts, but, acting in good faith with the government, it will not make them public and cause a sensation. Put with this naive admission the fact that Kitchener is now asking for men of forty for the front, and the philosophy of the situation becomes appalling for every man who means, if he can, to see the world a place to live in, and not a place where that most precious product of the ages—man's life—shall be a thing to be flung away, misused, brainlessly wasted in any form by any entrenched duffer and muddler, whether he be crowned king, coal king, oil king, or merely low general of war operations.

Here in terms plain enough for the plainest man to read, is the avowed principle that in wartime patriotism consists in sitting close, and no matter what deviltry—intentional or otherwise—is afoot, keeping mum, that the blunderers in office may not be incommoded. And this is not only the point of view of the English press at the moment. An American paper commenting editorially on the situation writes: "With Sir John French at the front, Kitchener is in the right place in the office. The *Daily Mail* laments the fact that Kitchener wants men of forty to go to the firing line. Yet the Germans are preparing to send men of forty-five." Isn't Kitchener within his rights as a commander in chief by a vital margin of five years? Why quarrel with waste below the middle life line? The same newspaper in the same issue creates the following gem of thought: "As a combination of Debs, 'Mother' Jones, Dennis Kearney, and a MacNamara sympathizer, Chairman Walsh seems to be a great success."

There it is in a nutshell. Life is plentiful; big offices for big men are rare; down with the questioners and disturbers—the Northcliffe press in England, Chairman Walsh at home. The facts are not the thing, as the *Star* so innocently admits, and its American contemporary implies. The thing is to have or not to have sensation, as the occasion serves.

T. D. O'BOLGER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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An Everlasting Music

The Trojan Women of Euripides, presented by Lillah McCarthy and Granville Barker in the translation by Gilbert Murray. Stadium of the College of the City of New York, May 29, 1915.

IT is Euripides, no longer with us, whom this tragedy brings most to mind. What was mortal of Euripides returned to clay a good many centuries ago, but the immortal part of him, the winged victory of his spirit, broods imminent over us as if he were still on earth. One day he felt and wrote, some thousands of years ago. And because he wrote from his heart, out of human poignancy, men and women melt at his utterance this week in New York. At the time when he composed the spectral Indian built his fire on this island, while the ancestors of Mr. Barker and Miss McCarthy and Mr. Murray were gibbering in their woady blue. Those ancestors were flat-headed cannibals, no doubt, and of habits the reverse of pleasant. The sun of Greece did not shine upon them. They lived below the rim of the sun. But in that curious process of time by which pyramids return to sand and sand grows into pyramids the temple of drama comes to resurrection for Euripides at the will of erstwhile barbarians, and the descendants of barbarians weep because he crystallized his precious tears in words.

For most of us, perhaps, Greek literature in the original is an unknown country, an oasis at which we never arrived. When we were very young certain grim and well-intentioned seniors told us of that far country and pushed us on a hot journey through the waste of grammatical cacti. They plodded nobly, our dusty guides, but all we learned were drudgery and grind, the nostalgia of the nursery and the tedium of the camel of routine. But that failure is now condoned.

After many centuries of deliberate aridity one Greek scholar has come back from the Euripidean adventure aflame with its emotion, and in spite of tradition has sought to give it a living form. It is because of Gilbert Murray, almost solely because of him, that the Greek tragedy is made possible on our contemporary stage.

If any prejudice lingers against Euripides on account of early training, it should be shamed by "The Trojan Women." Here, wearing a classic mien and exhibiting the dignity of sculpture, the content at first has that frozen loftiness which is secretly associated with plaster cast. Poseidon, Pallas Athena, Hecuba, Andromache—we have met them all before, stalled in the basements of culture as the moth-eaten lions are stalled in the basement after the circus. But it is only superficially that these names and personages are inert. It is only because we have never seen them perform. Like Shakespeare, we have sneered at Hecuba, but, unlike Shakespeare, we shall never sneer again.

For Hecuba, "a woman, and so old," has touched "the last dead deep of misery." Sentient with all the faculty of full power deposed, she has seen the downfall of her Troy and with it the uptorn roots of her kin. To Euripides she is not a classic queen. She is a woman tragically bereft. A common doom has been brought upon all the Trojan women by the conquest of the Greek, but it is in Hecuba that the doom is summed. It is a human family of which great Hecuba is captain. Hector and Paris are her sons, Polyxena and Cassandra her daughters, Andromache the wife of her son Hector and Astyanax her grandchild. And her tragedy is to see that interwoven family torn asunder and destroyed before her eyes. Troy is not possession to her, but the vessel in which her tree of life was planted. Its end is not the end of a possession but the shattering of the tree of life. That the Greeks could shatter it was to Euripides the livid horror of war. He could see the Greeks as Hecuba saw them, and mark with her the furrow of their ploughshare in her heart.

But it is not only in high general terms that Hecuba expresses each plunge of the Grecian steel. To herself outside the walls of Troy she is "a woman that hath no home weeping alone for her dead." Joined by the other Trojan women, she becomes "a wide-wing'd bird, calling the children of her fold." And what is the fate of each woman? What God are they to serve? What Greek's bed are they to serve? She asks each one, the mother of all. "My stricken one must be still first. Say how Cassandra's portion lies." "What of Andromache, wife of mine iron-hearted Hector, where journeyeth she?" And it is as very woman she knows her personal fate. "The door, bowing, to shut and open . . . I that bore Hector! . . . And meal to grind, and this racked head bend to the stones after a royal bed; torn rags about me, aye, and under them torn flesh; 'twill make a woman sick for shame."

The Greeks take the little Astyanax from his mother, and kill him. Laid dead in Hecuba's arms, her iced heart finds for him the heartbreaking humor of despair: "What false words ye said at daybreak, when ye crept into my bed, called me kind names, and promised: 'Grandmother, when thou art dead, I will cut close my hair, and lead out all the captains to ride by thy tomb.' Why didst thou cheat me so? 'Tis I, old, homeless, childless, that for thee must shed cold tears, so young, so miserably dead. Dear God, the pattering welcomes of thy feet, the nursing in my lap; and O, the sweet falling asleep together! All is gone." Here, though she be also queen, she is as human as that Andromache who, when they took her child, revealed the eternal deep: "Oh, I could have borne mine enemy's bed."

At the end of all her griefs and hatreds the very greatest of Hecuba's moods is that in which Euripides crowns her with his own dignity of soul. "Had He not turned us in His hand, and thrust our high things low and shook our hills as dust, we had not been this splendor, and our wrong an everlasting music for the song of earth and heaven!" This is the true sad music of "The Trojan Women." But, as Mr. Murray says, it is not in everyone's soul to turn shame and misery into tragedy. "To most sufferers, to children and animals and weak people, or those without inspiration, the doctrine brings no help. It is a thing invented by a poet for himself." Not everyone can, like Hecuba, meet fate with equal gaze.

Nor indeed can everyone with equal gaze meet the Granville Barker performances. That of "The Trojan Women" seemed satisfactory to the great majority. It was performed under dull gray skies, with ugly apartment houses peering into the stadium, an unfinished board fence staring flatly from the back and a rim of professors in mortar boards interned around the stage. Extraneous objects such as these did much to subtract from the finer impression. The professors were perhaps the most trying. They spent much of their time ruminating mournfully on the piled-up spectators behind them, as if feebly contemplating an escape. Their manner said: "Oh happy long ago, farewell, farewell." It was irrelevant, but the greatest difficulty in life is to dominate one's irrelevances. Those who managed to do so found in this performance a sincere and moving interpretation.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Militarist Fallacies

Peace Insurance, by Richard Stockton, Jr. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.00 net.

PERHAPS we shall eventually have a literature on the armament question in which each authority will confine himself chiefly to the field in which he is master. The soldier will inform us on the changing requirements of military technique; the historian and the diplomat will indicate to us the points of conflict of interest or sentiment in our international relations; the financier will measure our capacity for bearing the burdens of armament and war, and estimate the financial power of countries having interests opposed to our own. Unfortunately we have as yet no such literature. Each writer attempts to cover the whole field, and, as one might expect, lingers longest in the provinces where he is least at home.

The author of "Peace Insurance" is a soldier and handles the military elements of his problem with candor and ability. It would profit every citizen to read his frank discussion of the military history of the United States. There is nothing in our record to be proud of; in every war we have blundered along shamefully, winning, indeed, but by grace of numbers, and at appalling costs in men and money. The chief reason for our inefficiency was in each case our fatuous confidence in unorganized resources of men and material. If we heed our qualified authorities like Mr. Stockton, we shall never again rush impulsively into a war for which we are unprepared. If we have good reason to expect war in the future, it is high time for us to give serious attention to the projects offered by our military experts for the strengthening of our defenses. Mr. Stockton gives his adherence to the plan proposed by the General Staff whereby we should have a first line of 550,000 men, regulars, reserves and militia, to meet the most urgent requirements of our land defense.

Unfortunately it is only a small part of his book that Mr. Stockton has devoted to the constructive purpose of setting forth the needs of our army and navy and the measures required for meeting them. He has written under the inspiration of irritation with the pacifists, and joins with them in a warfare without order and without rules. His method is largely that of countering exaggeration with exaggeration, misstatement with misstatement.

General Chittenden had calculated, on the basis of our past experience, that the losses by war against which we might be expected to insure ourselves amount to $200,000,000 a year. We are spending $240,000,000 a year for army and navy—an exorbitant insurance premium. Obviously the General's calculation of probable loss is absurd. Past experience affords no basis whatever for an estimate of present war risks. If we declared war against a first-class power, we should lose more than $200,000,000, in business values, in an hour. Mr. Stockton offers as his own calculation of what we might lose by war, $117,900,000,000—the whole wealth of the United States—together with an equal sum to cover the worth of our independence and our political and religious liberty. Compared with this colossal sum, $240,000,000 is almost an infinitesimal premium—one-fifteenth of one per cent. But not even the present European war can justify anyone in assuming that a foreign power will come over and strip us all to the skin and make us bow down and worship, say, Mohammed. What we might lose through defeat in war is beyond calculation; nothing is gained by fantastic attempts at fixing it numerically. Nor is anything gained by Mr. Stockton's comparison of our expenditures for defense with our expenditures for fire insurance. There is no possibility of comparing the amount of property exposed to destruction by fire with the volume of interests exposed to destruction by war. Still less is there a possibility of determining the relative weight of the two classes of risks. To quote an apt expression of the author's, used in another connection, "the comparisons are about as just as it would be to compare the cost of your house with the cost of an egg."

The pacifists have made much of the "crushing burden of militarism." They have undoubtedly overestimated the burden. According to Bloch, whose acquaintance Mr. Stockton has made through an article by Professor Emery, even Germany in time of peace takes less than three per cent of her national private income for her army. Our own expenditures cannot be more than one per cent of the national income. Still, this is not an infinitesimal part of our expenditures, federal, state and local, as Mr. Stockton asserts. It is not far from one-tenth of them. Mr. Stockton further compares our military expenditures with the sums we expend on intoxicating liquor ($2,000,000,000), tobacco ($1,200,000,000) and the social evil ($3,000,000,000). These "statistics" are appropriately accredited by the author to an illustrated lecture. They are guesses, pure and simple; but imagine they were correct—shall we get rid of our vices through increased armaments?

One of the leading pacifist writers has alleged that Japan would not be in a position to finance a war against the United States. No doubt he underestimates the financial power of Japan; some money could be found for such an enterprise, all other conditions favoring. Mr. Stockton resorts to an original expedient to show that the borrowing power of Japan is practically unlimited. During the war with Russia, a foreign loan of $50,000,000 was oversubscribed thirty times. Our author infers that Japan could therefore have borrowed thirty times fifty millions on the same terms. Multiplying each loan of Japan by the number of times it was oversubscribed, and adding up the products, he arrives at a huge figure which he denominates the borrowing power of Japan. Almost any professional man who should offer to float a thousand dollar note at twenty per cent interest might have it oversubscribed one thousand times. According to Mr. Stockton's reasoning, almost any professional man has, then, a borrowing power of $1,000,000.

But where irritation with the pacifist seems to have led Mr. Stockton farthest from his purpose is in his treatment of the horrors of war. Why should we want peace insurance if we did not consider war horrible and costly? Mr. Stockton denies that war is horrible. "That there is some bestiality, some horror, some expense, may be true," he admits. But it is all grossly exaggerated by the pacifist. In defending this position, he compares the losses in war with the losses in peace. The death rate from disease in the Spanish-American War was twenty-five per thousand. That of New Orleans for the years 1900 to 1909 was five-sixths as great. It is hardly necessary to point out that it is utterly indefensible to compare a death rate of twenty for the general population, including infants, aged and infirm, with a death rate of twenty-five for selected young men. And as for Mr. Stockton's comparisons of total accidents in a population of 100,000,000 with the killed and wounded in military campaigns, numbers engaged not specified, the only excuse for it is that pacifists have sometimes done worse.

The most serious and probably the least tenable charge brought by the pacifists against the army is that life in it

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fosters the belief that war is in itself a good thing. If this is really the effect of army life, the menace of large armaments stands proved, for in every emergency the influence of the army will be exerted against peace. By associating his defense of the army with his defense of war Mr. Stockton has unintentionally served the detractors of the army well.

An Elder Statesman

The Life of Thomas Brackett Reed, by Samuel W. McCall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price $3.00.

TO the downhearted progressive this volume should bring encouragement. Not that Mr. McCall has pictured Mr. Reed as he seemed to many of us twenty years ago; yet in spite of the author's intimate touch and friendly rendering, the political background of even so likable a man seems strangely unlike the brightly lighted political world in which we live. We seem transported back to the simple days of paramount issues, friendly rivalries, town meetings and local patriotisms. In an atmosphere if not strongly "Reconstruction," certainly altogether unlike anything that has existed since the Spanish War, Reed appeared, rose and dominated as "a man of genius born to rule his fellow men." Step by step he rose in public life and in the confidence of the people. That there was a machinery that insured all this, we can only surmise. He lived in an age where the voters called their statesmen to labor; naturally those in whom confidence was thus reposed did not appear to "push," certainly not within party ranks.

Yet mysterious forces so controlled events that another was given the Presidential nomination. Reed himself spoke bitterly of the use of money in the pre-convention campaign in which he was defeated. Twenty years before, he had emphasized his entrance into national public life by conspicuous service in uncovering corruption. After a quarter of a century of national activity he retired to private life, somewhat embittered in spite of his sunny nature, and thoroughly at variance with the "imperialistic tendencies" of the Republican party. He lived to see Theodore Roosevelt, one of his younger followers, succeed to the high office which, by all the rules of the earlier political game, should have been held since 1897 not by McKinley of protective tariff fame, but by the long-time defender of sound money. In 1896 Roosevelt had written Reed after McKinley's nomination: "Oh, Lord! What I would not give if only you were our standard-bearer; and as that is impossible, if only the managers would follow on the lines that you have pointed out." How long ago that seems!

It is well that ex-Congressman McCall has given us this intimate life. Such a presentation is not the political book of the year, nor does it furnish a lasting judgment of Thomas Brackett Reed's influence upon his generation. But it has pictured his career—by personal reminiscence, by cutting from speech, anecdote and telling photograph—in such a way that the impression (based largely on Davenport's cartoons) of a coarse-grained and self-complacent politician vanishes, and a strong, although not great, leader of men stands revealed.

Hope may be found in that no such national background exists today. Gone the "simplicity" and accompanying hypocrisy. Vanished the opportunity for this type of man to win or to lose. And if one cares to be pessimistic over the change, he may say with truth that few of our leaders keep diaries in French in order to perfect the grasp of that language, and fewer still ride the bicycle for diversion. If this retrospect of the not distant past does not aid the reader to new perspective in judging the events and men of today, let him turn to the photograph opposite page 228, of the Congressional party on a visit to Monticello in 1897. A glance carries one back nearly to the Civil War. This book makes us appreciate our time. Just now we appear to need an adjustment of perspective to that end.

EDGAR E. ROBINSON.

Tagore Translates Hindu Songs

Songs of Kabir. Translated by Rabindranath Tagore, with the assistance of Evelyn Underhill. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

"TELL me, Brother, how I can renounce Illusion?" So asked Kabir, the Mohammedan disciple of Hindu mysticism, in the second century A.D. "The Songs of Kabir" have been translated by Rabindranath Tagore, with an introduction by Miss Evelyn Underhill, and the book will please the students of mysticism. Whether it will please lovers of poetry is another question. In Tagore's own poetry there is, besides its mysticism, a true and naïve love of the world, which in the quaint half-rhythmical lines of Tagorean English touches the heart. But this Mohammedan poet employs the things of this world only as symbols for his transcendent ideas of union with God: "Mine eyes must perform the ceremony of the lamps of love." "Drink the sweet honey that steeps the petals of the lotus of the heart." "I have wrapped the diamond in my cloak; why open it again and again?" In these images there is no food for the occidental imagination, nurtured as it is on the beauty of reality. He who would pierce to something behind that reality and make us see it with him, must love the illusions that he scorns and be at home among them, an awed familiar of their loveliness. That is perhaps because we are not a mystical race. Our mysticism, so far as our poetry is concerned, has seldom gone further than pantheism. To see God in the universe, and the universe in a flower—to such vision our poets have attained. To feel oneself a part of the earth, one with its storms and tides, its wintry silences and its outbursts of spring rapture, or even with its dumb stupidities and insane cruelties—this has been almost a special privilege of our English poets. And yet it has never been a mere earth-worship. In the face of this philosophy, the mysticism of Kabir seems barren to us.

Bracton Reconstructed

Bracton De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliae, by George E. Woodbine. New Haven: Yale University Press. $5.00 net.

WITHOUT a knowledge of Bracton we cannot reconstruct the history of medieval English law. Bracton is its watershed; all English theories of jurisprudence take their real origin from him, just as he is the consummation of all that has gone before. And law is important because, as Maitland once wrote, it is the place where life and logic meet, even though that meeting too rarely lead to friendship. Bracton was a big man, and he wrote a big book; also, and this fact has the quality of uniqueness, he wrote a popular book.

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In the days before Caxton disrupted the world many copies of Bracton were taken, and of these nearly fifty survive. The copies, however, but add to our difficulties. They vary in date. They differ in content. Some are clearly more near to the original manuscript than others. Some make the veriest nonsense of a great lawyer's teaching. Some choose to sacrifice Bracton's thought to the personal opinion of the scribe who copied him. Some with incredible folly tried to bring him up to date—verily a painting of the legal lily. What we have needed since the sixteenth century is a reconstruction from these manuscripts of a possible text of Bracton's work. We have had reconstructions. Some Elizabethan lawyer attempted the task for Richard Tottell, that greatest of legal publishers, and, for his time, he worked with fair success. Sir Travers Twiss did a six volume edition for the English government in the 'eighties of last century—and English scholars have been ever since trying to hide their shame. But they have done something to reclaim their reputation. Professor Vinogradoff, long anglicised by Oxford, has done much. Frederic Maitland edited with his easy mastery a notebook of cases compiled by Bracton, and in a volume published by a society of which the establishment was due to American generosity, laid bare Bracton's debt to the great Italian glossator Azo. The materials for a new synthesis were there. There was needed only the courage to attempt it.

Professor Woodbine of Yale University has begun that attempt. He had many qualifications for the task. The legal libraries of Europe were well known to him. He had already edited admirably some of those queer little medieval tracts on procedure which gave so vivid an insight into the court system of that age. He had patience, care and enthusiasm.

Now the first fruit of his enterprise lies before us. What we have is an introductory volume which attempts to settle some important problems. What is the pedigree of the manuscripts? Which come nearest to Bracton himself? What do the variations of text mean? Which should be used as the basis of a future edition? What significance has the presence of certain additions sometimes to be found in the margins? To none of these problems is there any obvious solution. "There is no one manuscript so superior to all the others," writes Professor Woodbine, "as to stand out apart from them as preëminent." So the criteria of choice are amazingly subtle. The number of mistakes is of help, but the mistakes may be derived not from the manuscript copied but from the scribe copying it. Palaeography settles something; but not all, since a copyist in 1400 might have used—did use—a better model than a copyist of a century before. The thing is really a fine detective story in which even Sherlock Holmes might easily be led astray. Professor Woodbine deserves a very high tribute for the very careful inquiries he has pursued into these things—particularly for the interesting attempt at the graphical representation of his results. One of his most novel conclusions, and be it said one of his best founded, is the belief he urges that Bracton began, but did not complete, the revision of his book. This suggestion of afterthoughts is amazingly helpful. He explains some deeply interesting divergences in the texts. It is obvious, perhaps. It has been in people's minds. But why did people use it so little before?

Professor Woodbine divides the manuscripts into three classes. His views on their relative values have in them much that is novel, not a little also that is something more than novel. Whatever he says about them commands respect. We have nothing but praise and admiration for the valuable and fairly exhaustive collation he has carried out, no less for the choice of passages than for its extent. Naturally, there will not be agreement with him on all points. To one reader, certainly, his criticisms of the Rigby manuscript of the Bodleian Library do not carry conviction; his attack on or rather scepticism of Maitland's excellent description amount to no more than an insistence on the obvious myth that we can never be certain that Maitland was right; but the extraordinary nature of that text seem decisively to differentiate it from all others. Clearly, moreover, as Professor Woodbine would be the first to admit, its peculiarity has markedly affected his own reconstruction of Bracton's manuscript scheme. One does not feel certain, moreover, that the proximity of the Yale manuscript has not psychologically affected Professor Woodbine's judgment of its worth.

But all these are small things. The important thing for scholars is that Professor Woodbine has given the promise of a monumental edition of this greatest of English legal classics. His description of his manuscripts alone would have entitled him to high praise. His discussion of their pedigree would by itself have won him a permanent place among students of Bracton. If at times he is a revolutionist—as in his refusal to follow the time-honored division of his text into books—he has always admirable reasons for iconoclasm. His work would have won, we are certain, the high praise of Professor Maitland, of legal historians by far the greatest. It will rank, not indeed with such splendid creative work as Mr. Justice Holmes on early English equity, or Professor Ames on the history of Assumpsit, but certainly only little below them.

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